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# CHRISTIAN HERALD



STAND BY FOR PEACE  
JUNE, 1945





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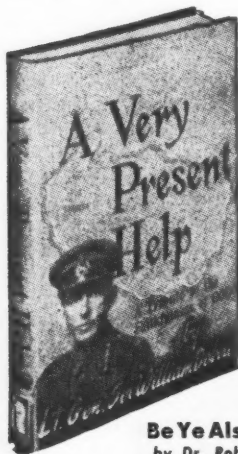
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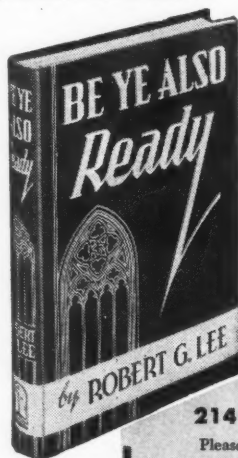
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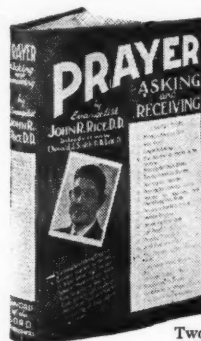
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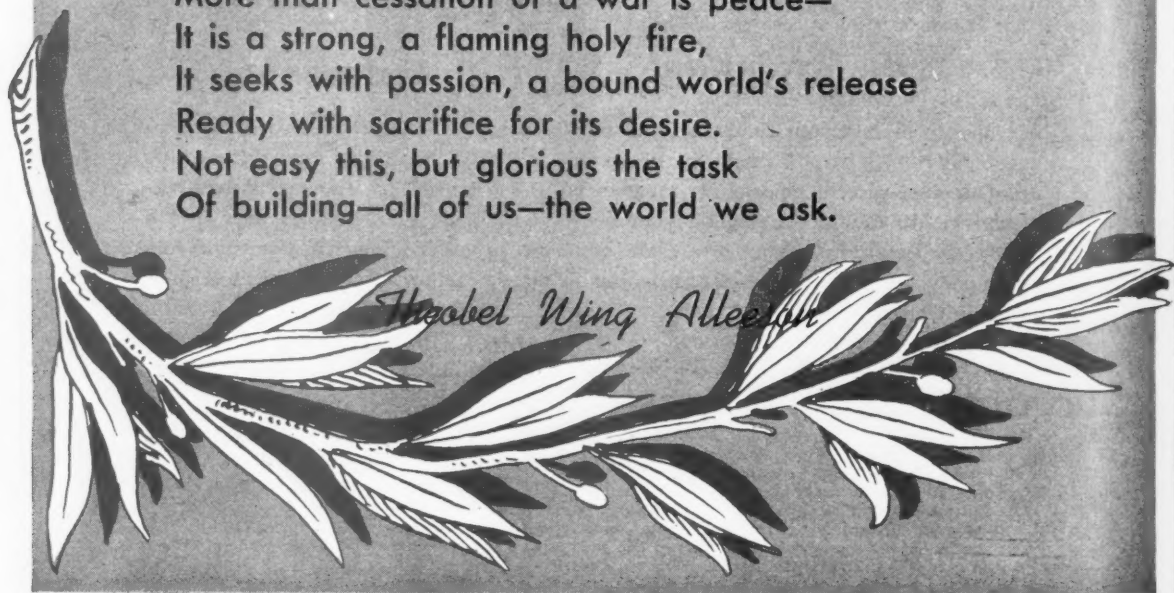




## *When Peace Shall Come*

*Will* men be wise enough when peace shall come  
To cherish it beyond all thought of gain,  
To hold it as the ultimate, the sum  
Of dearest things—no matter what the pain?  
A world at peace! How infinitely good,  
Where home and office, shop and farm will play  
Their own unharassed roles in brotherhood  
And selflessness shall bring a better day.  
More than cessation of a war is peace—  
It is a strong, a flaming holy fire,  
It seeks with passion, a bound world's release  
Ready with sacrifice for its desire.  
Not easy this, but glorious the task  
Of building—all of us—the world we ask.

*Theobel Wing Allee*





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# CHRISTIAN Herald

June, 1945

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## DOCTOR POLING

# Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

### Question:

*Do you think that the example of famous Hollywood personalities who flout marriage laws, exploit young girls and maintain moral practices on their own low level is vicious, demoralizing and should be condemned?*

### Answer:

This is easy. Yes. Thrice yes, and then an added yes. The particular personality referred to, who recently married a minor under disgusting circumstances after having been involved with another minor in a "major" case, leaves all decent Americans nauseated.

### Question:

*Has Sweden shown any sympathy for her struggling sister country, Norway? Has the Swedish Church nothing to say?*

### Answer:

Yes! Officially and privately Sweden has shown sympathy. Recently Bishop Aulen of the Church of Sweden made a speech in which, among other things, he said, referring to the tortures inflicted upon Norwegians: "We never dreamed things like that could happen in our Scandinavian countries. We believed that such brutality belonged to an age gone by. Today we see Norway beaten, bound and tortured. But we see something else: a people who do not weaken, nor give in, who endure, suffer and remain unshaken. The noble struggle which they are carrying on without arms is a fight for the highest values, for law and justice—those very principles which were ratified in the Eidsvoll (National Charter) of the Norwegian people in 1814. Norway has proved to the world how one ought, and how one can, fight for liberty, even under the worst oppression. God bless Norway!"

### Question:

*Why are you so vigorously opposed to the whole idea of drinking and driving?*

*Are you not in danger of becoming fanatical here when your friends always think of you as being sane and reasonable?*

### Answer:

On the facts and figures I have never said as much as really should be said with regard to the menace, not of the drunken, but of the drinking driver. The Travelers' Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn., publishes from year to year the record of death on the American highways. That record is appalling. It is a rising tide. The greatest increases in both death and injury are from drinking driving or as the result of the drinking pedestrian. The growing number of local option and prohibition elections is a barometer that even liquor interests study with concern. This is the Machine Age. Alcohol and gasoline do not mix without disaster to the mixer and to his innocent victim. Always a horse remained sober when his driver got drunk—but always an automobile is as drunk as its driver!

### Question:

*A young man formerly in my Sunday-school class is now on Coast Guard duty. He told me there was no chaplain on his vessel and that the men had no one to approach for moral and spiritual advice. Here are 250 men on one ship who need guidance.*

### Answer:

It is, of course, impossible to place chaplains on all vessels, but an earnest effort is being made to give religious leadership to our men everywhere—at the ports and bays where the chaplain himself cannot accompany smaller vessels, also frequent religious programs are organized by enlisted men. I have just received a letter from a young ensign, a navigator, who, while traveling by transport to his destination in the South Pacific, secured the consent of the captain and prepared a special Easter program for

CHRISTIAN HERALD • JUNE, 1945 • VOLUME 68 • NUMBER 6

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FORD STEWART, Gen. Mgr.; JOHN PRICE, Circ. Mgr.; PHELPS PRATT, Adv. Mgr.; C. A. JOHNSON, Western Adv. Mgr.

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the ship. It was so successful that it was continued. A young layman did that.

**Question:**

*What is meant by "Stations of the Cross" as used by the Catholic Church?*

**Answer:**

There are fourteen Stations: (1) Jesus is condemned to death; (2) He receives the Cross and starts to Calvary; (3) He falls the first time; (4) He meets His mother; (5) Simon of Cyrene bears His Cross; (6) Veronica wipes His face; (7) His second fall; (8) He speaks to the women of Judea; (9) His third fall; (10) He is stripped of His garments; (11) He is crucified; (12) He dies; (13) His body is removed from the Cross; (14) He is laid in the tomb.

**Question:**

*I am a college graduate, prepared for a career, but working in the office of a relative where my salary is only fifteen dollars a week. I have not complained, but I am discontented. I do want bigger things. It is terribly depressing to spend time and money on an education and then be compelled to lose pride and self-respect. Should I resign and be free to look for something in my professional line?*

**Answer:**

I congratulate anyone who has such a position. Fifteen dollars a week is still the income of many today. Also, the surroundings described have their advantages and compensations. I see no reason for discontent; certainly no reason for loss of self-respect. Let the one asking the question go forward with the work in hand, thanking God and looking up and out, preparing for the larger opportunity that is sure to come. Here is time and chance to make preparation—to read, to study, to get ready; and always the "ready" people are the "called."

**Question:**

*Because I have been interested in the Anglo-Saxon Federation of America and in the special studies of this group, a new temporary minister in our church has removed me from all church activities and has even asked me to withdraw from the congregation. Always in my absence he has sought to have action taken against me. Should I be condemned in this way?*

**Answer:**

I cannot answer the question intelligently without having the minister's testimony. Certainly, no pastor, whether a temporary or permanent one, has the right to deal with a member of the church in the fashion described. The pastor who assumes the role of a dictator is just that—a dictator. The Christian church today needs no dictators.



*"... unto the uttermost part of the earth ..."*

FROM the Admiralty Islands, far away in the Southwest Pacific, comes a letter from a soldier to his pastor back home:

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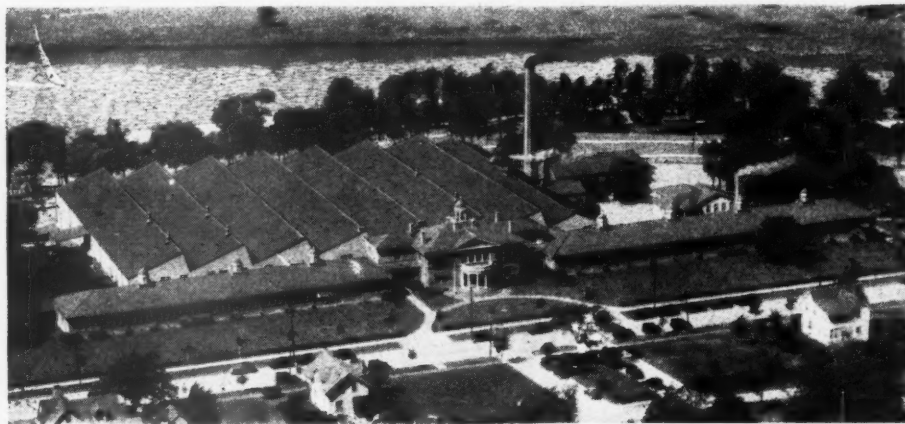
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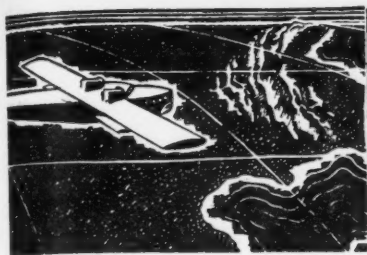
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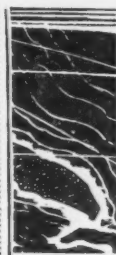
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# NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

## AT HOME

**PASSING:** This country knows now how right that Bible writer was when he held that "in the midst of life we are in death." A President has passed, and a nation mourns. Party lines meant little over that melancholy week-end. He who had been the target of twelve years in the White House stood clear and sharp against history's horizon, and whether we were Republican or Democrat, we judged him then not so much by what he was as a man, as by what he stood for.

We will add no more to the countless millions of words already printed in eulogy. Except this: he left a heritage. His successor in the White House seems especially conscious of that heritage, and determined to carry it on. And when Mr. Truman is determined, he is *determined*. Some of his friends—and enemies—call it stubbornness. He is the sort of man who, once he makes up his mind that an idea is right, will stand by that idea against all comers.

The thirty-second President is something of an enigma. He never wanted to be President; his opponent, Mr. Wallace, *did* want it, and missed it. Mr. Truman did not want the vice-presidency; he tried his best to beg off. But once called, his party loyalty forced him to accept. He is a party man. A Democratic man. Not a New Dealer. This is the end of the New Deal Era; under President Truman, the old-line Democrats return to the national scene, and the New Dealers fall away.

He is a modest, sincere man. He may lack experience in his tremendous job (he has been in Washington a short ten years) but those who heard his first Presidential speech to Congress will not doubt his good will. He is no child. He will not be pushed around. He is conservative; he once described his own state of Missouri as being "a little left of center," and that may describe him. Even the Republicans say he is a good administrator. He has a deep sense of duty. He has the happy ability of making men like him, which is important now. He is a Baptist. He goes to church—now and then.

We think he will not be flashy, but steady and dependable. His messages and declaration will lack the lustre of the messages and declarations of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was a past-master at polished expression. But whatever Truman does will be carefully thought out before he does it.

*Give the man a chance, America!*

**SHIFTS:** There will be shifts in the President's Cabinet, in good time. That's inevitable. There will also be some major shifts in other offices, some quickly, some slowly. Let's look at them.

James Byrnes is one of the closest friends of the new President; he may quite possibly become the Number One Adviser. Some say he will lead the State Department, while Mr. Stettinius moves on to other fields. Sumner Welles is being talked of for a return engagement with the State Department, but we doubt that he will accept.

Donald Nelson is another Truman intimate; we believe he will get a high post. He has been mentioned for Secretary of the Treasury. We doubt that Mr. Morgenthau will quit, or be asked to quit. Miss Perkins, we think, will go now into the outer darkness which has threatened her for so long. Ickes is a problem; maybe out, maybe in. He is noisy, but he is efficient at his job. Postmaster General Walker will want to get out; never wanted that job, anyway. Biddle will be replaced. Mr. Forrestal has his job and the Navy under control, and he'll stay. Stimson will stay for awhile, then go. Mr. McNutt is tremendously popular with the President, and we believe he will be promoted. Hopkins, Niles, Rosenman, Bowles will go. Henry Wallace has too much power and influence with labor to be shelved, and he will stay, even though he is sure to fight Mr. Truman for the Presidential nomination in 1948.

Watch Hugh Fulton, former Justice Department attorney. He may become the Harry Hopkins of the Truman administration. Also watch Mr. Hannegan, Democratic National Chairman, a Missourian who made Mr. Truman Vice-President. Hannegan may be Postmaster

General, which will not take too much of his time from keeping the national Democratic fences in repair.

That's the way we see it. We may be wrong, here and there. Let's watch it!

**COMICS:** We've been hearing for quite some time that the comics have been a major contributing cause to juvenile delinquency, and for awhile we almost believed it. Almost, but not quite. This week we got hold of a report that convinces us that the comics may not be that, at all.

Six weeks ago, there was a survey on juvenile delinquency being conducted in Westchester County, New York. The final tabulations showed a decrease of 15 percent in 1944, as compared with 1943. That's good! But across the same period, there was a 25 percent *increase* in the sale of comic magazines in the same territory! In Yonkers, the largest city in Westchester County, newsdealers reported a 40 percent increase in the demand for comics.

That rather knocks into the proverbial cocked hat a lot of the hasty conclusions we've been drawing about these comic magazines. Frankly, we've been suspicious for some time that they were not as bad as they were cracked up (or down) to be; there seemed to be more good in them than bad, inasmuch as the villain always got what was coming to him. A nation-wide survey along the Westchester lines might prove interesting—and illuminating.

**PROFITABLE HATE:** Hatred can be made to pay. The war-munitions manufacturers know that. So do some professional "organizers" who capitalize, now and then, on the lowest of all human vices.

There is a man in Seattle, for instance, who is thinking of banding together all Americans who hate the Japanese. Last year he published a book entitled "The Pacific Northwest Goes To War," in which he charged businessmen \$200 a page for a eulogy, \$50 for a picture, and then sold the book for \$5. Not bad! He tried raising \$100,000 for a statue for the

Negro soldiers of World War II. That one didn't work out; the Negroes turned it down cold, God bless them.

Now he comes through with this hate-the-Jap idea. He's already well on his way; hundreds have joined, paying initiation fees. The promoter is optimistic as to the future: "Why, you're going to have ten million soldiers coming back from Japan all maimed and crippled and

things they loved, the wives and children and friends they left behind. They are not looking forward to a completely changed world; they want to recapture the loves they knew in the old one. And let's keep it straight that they are *men*, and not babies to be nursed. Sometimes we think the best thing we can do for them and to them is to leave them alone and let them readjust themselves. If

stocks. He hit the beaches of North Africa with the first of them; only forty-two American newspapers carried his stuff then. When he perished in the invasion of the tiny island of Okinawa, his column was being carried by 366 daily and 310 weekly papers. He wrote a book called "Brave Men," which was the story of brave men like himself. He dressed like a buck, shunning the snappier uniform of the officer, which he was entitled to wear. He weighed only 110 pounds, which must have been mostly the weight of his great heart.

Ernie Pyle didn't want to go on this invasion; he wrote his wife that it was to be his last. He went only because "I must cover the Marines, and the only way to do it honestly is to go with them." That was Ernie Pyle: honest, even at the gates of death. God made him, and broke the mold.

**COURIER'S CUES:** The Philippines will be granted independence as soon as the war with Japan has been won . . . Allied officials are worried over Japanese reports on huge numbers of U. S. prisoners of war killed by Allied bombs over Japan; the Nipponese may have starved them to death, and may be trying to use the bombings as excuse . . . Toyohiko Kagawa is now broadcasting anti-American propaganda over the Japanese government radio; we wonder if he is being forced . . . Hopes for big tax reductions right after V-day are unfounded; better forget that . . . San Francisco Conference had better and more complete coverage by Church journalists than any other political confab ever had . . . Washington wisemen say there may never be any V-day celebration at all; peace will come so gradually we'll hardly know it . . . That might be good!



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Rube Goldberg in the New York Sun

## BIG JOB FOR THE DOVE

every one a missionary for this movement!"

This is one of the things we'd better keep our collective eye on, from this time forward. And we'd better remember this: hatred pays—some people!

**RETURN:** Plans for "handling" the returned servicemen are a dime a dozen; if we do everything to the poor fellow that we're planning to do, he'll be better off if he never comes home at all.

Last week, a smart reporter along the German front went his rounds among the boys, asking them what they thought about it. He got some strange replies, especially when he got them talking about their wives. Would they like to find their wives changed when they got home, he asked? Replied one G. I. Joe: "Are you nuts? Just let her be the same as the day I left her."

That's it, isn't it? That's what they want. They want to get back to the

they have the brains and courage to fight and win a war, they can take care of themselves in the peace!

**BRAVE MAN:** Ernie Pyle is dead. The outstanding writer of this war, the top newspaper correspondent, the greatest friend G. I. Joe ever had, is dead from a Japanese sniper's bullet in his magnificent brain. The man who hated war and who brought it so poignantly across the threshold of millions of American homes, will write no more—but his name will be a legend with G. I. Joe forever.

Ernie was a first-class writing man, a keen observer, a man with a heart for the common man. Generals didn't interest him; what the brass hats were doing he didn't bother to report. He talked and he wrote about the little fellow, the buck private. The bucks loved him. They shouted at him, "Hi, Ernie. Come on over here and eat with us." They begged for his autograph on their rifle-

## A B R O A D

**STUBBORN:** The German has a reputation for bull-headed stubbornness, and many of us are blaming that for his suicidal fight. Why does he insist upon fighting when there is no hope? Why does he tear his country to pieces when he can't possibly win, and probably knows it?

Well, read this, from a German leader we all know:

"The soldier should not have a will of his own, but all of you should have one will, and that is my will. There exists only one law, and that is my law; and now go and do your duty, and be obedient to your superiors. . . . For you there is one foe, and that is my foe. Considering the existing . . . difficulties, it may be necessary for you to shoot down your own relatives, brothers, and parents, in the

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streets, which God forbid, but you must obey my orders without murmuring."

No, this isn't Adolph Hitler speaking; it is the German Kaiser speaking, in the year 1900. For nearly half a century, this sort of thing has been drummed into the heads of the Germans; is it any wonder they do what they are doing in these last days of the war?

These words are reported by Ray Standard Baker in "American Chronicle," a new book and a good one. Mr. Baker travelled through Germany at the turn of the century, and he saw even then what was coming. He liked the German peasant: "These were, it seemed to me, an honest, docile, simple-living, hard-working people . . . The leaders would establish a dictatorship from above, not a democracy laboriously built up from within; they would work by force of arms, not by reason and cooperation. No dictator ever had finer, or stronger, or more docile human material to work in." There you have it!

**FINISH:** ". . . It appears that there will never be a clean-cut military surrender of the forces on the Western front. This will probably mean that V-E Day will come about only by a proclamation on our part rather than by any definite and decisive collapse or surrender of German resistance. It is, of course, always possible that there might be in Germany a sudden upsurge of popular resentment against the war, but . . . we should be prepared for the eventuality described."

Thus, General Eisenhower, reporting to his Commander in Chief at Washington. And thus it will probably be. This war started like no other war ever started; it just began, with none of the ancient rituals of declaration, etc. And it ends as no great war ever ended before: like a slowly dying fire, the embers winking out slowly. There will be German guerrillas to be burned out of their holes for some time to come; it will not be large-scale war, but deadly and desperate, just the same. The people of Germany will be heartily sick of it, but they will have to go on suffering until the handful of Nazi fanatics are exterminated.

Some years back we used to hear that "Hitler has done a lot of good things for Germany. He's built super-highways." What a bill the German people paid for those highways! And Mussolini, they told us in Italy, actually made the trains run on time! Run *where*?

**TOKYO:** Japan has two new weapons. They are Baron Kantaro Suzuki and a suicide plane. It may be unjust to call the Baron "new;" he is 77. He fought China in 1894, Russia in 1904, rose to supreme command of the Nipponese Navy before he retired in 1927. Now

he is called back as Number Two man under the Emperor, to lead Japan in her most desperate hour. He is no fool, no coward. Taking office, he shook his long white mane and cried out that "Developments do not warrant optimism . . . but I am ready to die leading the nation in carrying on the war and crushing the enemy." But the probability is that he will not die leading against the enemy; the probability is that he has been chosen to carry out the shameful duty of surrender. There is irony in that: Suzuki is one of the old-line empire builders who have cherished the dream of Japanese domination in the East since the 1890's.

One February night in 1936, Baron Suzuki came home late from a party given by American Ambassador Grew, to find his house filled with waiting assassins. They were young hotheads of the Kwantung army group who thought Suzuki wasn't building the empire fast enough. They shot him. He fell to the floor, lay in a pool of blood while they burned incense over him, saluted, left him for dead. He wasn't dead. He survived. They committed hara-kiri. A man of no mean courage, this Suzuki.

He may be one of those high officers standing around the flying fields of Nippon these days, saluting the suicide planes. These are a new brand of man-made war birds, with 2240 pounds of high explosive packed into their snouts and with the propeller behind instead of in front. The pilot is locked in; once in, he has no chance of ever stepping out alive. The wheels drop from the plane as he leaves the ground; he cruises at 400 miles an hour and dives at 600, and the first touch of either nose or wing sets off the explosives. His job is to dive on American ships and targets, blowing himself up with his ship.

As he leaves his airfield, he circles three times while the entire personnel of the base stand at attention and salute. Remember that when you try to tell yourself that the Japanese are about ready to quit!

**REPRISAL?** Horror piles on horror as more and more American soldiers are released from German prison camps. The newspaper pictures alone are enough to make every decent man, whatever his nationality, rise in righteous rage and call for speedy justice. There are calls for something stronger than justice. One newspaper columnist demands the execution of a German soldier-prisoner for every American boy murdered in a German camp. That wouldn't accomplish anything; the Nazis would laugh at it. Major George Fielding Eliot suggests that towns nearest German prison camps where such atrocities occur should be razed to the ground, in retaliation. We doubt that this would accomplish anything, either. Mayors of towns in the path of battle have been executed for

trying to save their people by quick surrender. What would the razing of *any* town mean to a Nazi?

We hear a great deal about trial and punishment at war's end for the war criminals. There will certainly be some; there *must* be. But it is quite impossible for us to imagine any Anglo-Saxon people engaging in wholesale execution of a conquered enemy, much as the enemy may deserve it. We're a soft-hearted lot. We've had so much blood-spilling and slaughter that we'll want to forget it, once the guns cool. There will be a lot of justice *not* wreaked on the guilty German.

We are not Nazis, nor are we yet descended to the depths of human character demonstrated in the Nazi prison camps. They have sunk about as low as human flesh can possibly sink; we'd hate to see any American descend to such a beastly state.

## CHURCH NEWS

**PAY:** Ninety percent of the ministers in the United States earn less than \$2500 a year. Fifty-one percent of them receive less than \$1200 a year, and 24.4 percent less than \$600. And the Book they preach from claims that the laborer is worthy of his hire!

Why?

One reason is that preachers are less interested in salaries than most other men. We know many a man who takes what his church can pay, asks no more, and even, in times of financial distress, turns back part of his salary to the church. They could get more if they went after it—and some do! But as a rule, they are too busy with other matters to concentrate on a raise in pay.

Then, too, this is a nation of small churches. There may be too many small churches. Two half-alive churches in the same community paying two men a thousand dollars a year each, *could* combine and pay one man two thousand dollars and get better preaching and a better church.

Most of the larger denominations have established "minimum salaries," but the minimum isn't very impressive. They have also arranged for pension plans, but the pensions would never assure a bright young man, contemplating the ministry, that he would have security in his old age. It may be one reason why we are not getting more bright young men. This may border on materialism, but—the Book still says the laborer is worthy. . . !

**LUTHERANS:** Hardest hit of all Protestant Churches is the Lutheran Church in Europe. Dr. Ralph H. Long, leader of American Lutherans, has just returned

from a six-weeks' survey of Lutheranism on the continent, and his report is bitter. He says frankly that "Churches are gone. Congregations are scattered. Pastors are in exile. We never heard anyone laugh out loud from the time we reached England until we were in Switzerland. A few people smile in Stockholm, but no one laughs audibly." He believes the effort on the part of American Lutherans should not be expended toward rebuilding the churches of Europe, but to restore the publication of Christian literature among the churches.

Saddest of the Lutheran stories coming out of Europe are the stories from the Baltic states. Apparently, the Russians have decided to sustain the Orthodox Church and eliminate the others. Refugee Lutheran pastors are escaping in small boats to Sweden, and they report that their churches are being extinguished. It is not good news.

**CHIEF:** Appointed Chief of Chaplains of the U.S. Army is Colonel Luther D. Miller. If the appointment is confirmed (it is held up as we go to press pending his elevation to the rank of brigadier-general), he will succeed Major General William R. Arnold, who has served longer as Chief of Chaplains than any other man in the nation's history.

Major General Arnold was a Catholic; Colonel Miller is an Episcopalian. He will be 55 on June 14, has seen twenty-six years of service as an Army chaplain, during which time he has seen service in China, Hawaii, Australia. He followed the fighting Sixth Army into the jungles of New Guinea and the Philippines.

He is a career man—military, hard-boiled when circumstances call for it, and tremendously popular with the officers and men of the regular Army. He has many years of service ahead of him as Chief—and he will be a man to watch.

**BOOKS:** Twenty-five Southern Baptist bookstore managers have drawn up a petition for better books. They speak to the nation's publishers, asking the elimination of "the vulgarity and the profanity so frequently occurring in current books; that the moral and literary standards . . . shall be higher than ever before . . ." The *Virginia Methodist Advocate* took the hint and urged managers of Methodist bookstores to go and do likewise.

It's a good idea; we certainly need some prodding in this direction. But—do we get high standards in literature by petition, or by education? If you have a salacious-minded market, there will always be some book publisher ready to cash in on that market. But if you so educate a people that they will understand and love and want to read books like "The Robe" and "The Nazarene," then your low-standard publisher sees his market dwindle. What the Church has

to do is to create the sort of mind that will choose the best, not the lowest.

Certainly publishers are in a strategic position to select high-standard manuscripts. But publishers are businessmen—some of them businessmen of good character, some of character not so good. But all of them are the slaves of the buying public. Get that public in the right frame of mind, and you win!

**HERE AND THERE:** Thirty-three-year-old Rev. Reuben K. Youngdahl of Minneapolis has been chosen the city's most outstanding young man for 1944; in seven years he has increased his church



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**Col. Luther D. Miller, Episcopalian, has been appointed U.S. Army Chief of Chaplains to succeed Maj. Gen. W. R. Arnold. Col. Miller has served as an Army chaplain for twenty-six years.**

membership from 200 to 2500 . . . Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church are urging action on Bretton Woods proposals . . . Leaders of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. have received 5500 telegrams asking their support of Dumbarton Oaks . . . Definite cooperation of all Protestant churches is being sought for the Census of Religious Bodies in 1946 . . . American Bible Society distributed 12,403,541 copies of the Scriptures in 1944, a record!

## TEMPERANCE

**PATRIOT:** We use short, light sheets of paper when we write to servicemen abroad, to save weight in transport, but how many cases of beer have been flown in planes and sailed in ships across the briny? (One case of beer weighs nearly 40 pounds!) Tires for both civilian and military use are shorter than short; we need more industrial alcohol to make synthetic rubber for synthetic tires . . .

but Uncle Sam tells the distillers to stop making industrial alcohol for two months and make beverage alcohol, which we distinctly *don't* need! A pound of sugar looks like a pound of gold to a housewife these days, but the liquor industry burns up thousands upon thousands of tons producing the stuff that cuts down man-hours in production and throws war-workers into jail.

What a patriot this John Barleycorn has turned out to be!

**WOMEN:** There is no sight more inspiring in this life than that of a fine woman; there is no sight more disgusting than that of a woman drunk. When a woman goes down she really goes down. Now look at this:

The F.B.I. tells us that the number of women arrested on charges of drunkenness in the United States for the first six months of 1944 was more than five times the total for the corresponding period in 1932. The number of women arrested for drunken driving in 1942 increased by 226 percent over 1932. (The years 1932 and 1942 are used as pre-war and war years, for sake of contrast.)

In Washington, D.C., court records have it that women drunks averaged 2 percent of the pre-war total arrests, but today it often rises as high as 20 percent. In New York City, Mayor La Guardia felt it necessary to use part of his time over the radio to rebuke two truant schoolgirls, aged 13, who had been caught buying liquor at a bar; the Mayor wouldn't have done that if a real problem had not been involved.

We wonder how many of these women are mothers—how many of them have left youngsters at home uncared for, dirty, hungry. And how many times have the neighbors "covered up" for the drinking mothers, to keep it out of the papers and out of the hands of the police?

The Yanks in Germany are taking Germans on personally conducted tours of the prison camps where American boys have been slaughtered and starved to death, that they may "see with their own eyes." Wouldn't it be a good idea to take the brewers on personally conducted tours of the jails, hospitals and alcoholic wards, now and then, so that they might see their own handiwork?

**NTM:** Readers are writing in to get the address of the new National Temperance Movement, recently organized in Chicago. Headquarters for NTM have now been established in the Chicago Temple. The address is: 1321 Chicago Temple Building, 77 West Washington Street, Chicago 2, Illinois. Rev. Herbert H. Parrish, formerly of Minnesota, is Administrative Director, and will be in general charge of the work of the organization.

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# Life hangs by such threads



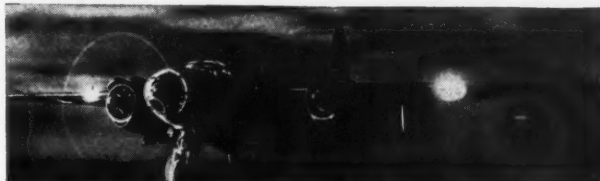
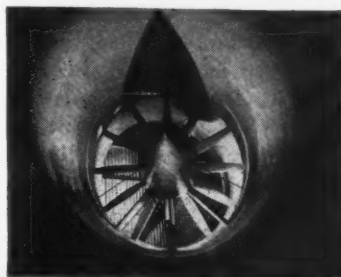
**WANTED:** Something to keep flyers from freezing. So engineers developed electrically heated goggles, shoes, suits... Something dependable to guide pilots in fog and dark. So engineers devised electrically driven gyroscopic instruments. ...Something automatic to keep engines from overheating or cooling. And now comes an electric control the pilot needn't touch.

Working day and night, G. E.'s research and engineering staff has solved hundreds of such problems. The pictures here show how a few have been met. Through research come better electrical products and processes—in war or peace. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



**Eyelids can freeze shut when you're 7 miles up!** Electrically heated goggles, developed by G-E engineers, have fine wires embedded in plastic lenses. With G. E.'s electric blanket as a start, G-E engineers designed electrically heated flying suits, heated gloves and shoes being made in three G-E plants. Toughest problem was to devise heated gloves with thin wires strong enough to stand constant flexing.

**Before it's built, they know how it will fly!** 18,000 horsepower of G-E motors blow winds faster than a pursuit plane can fly. Testing model planes and parts up to full size and speed in wind tunnels like this helps get new airplanes perfected quicker.



**Making night landings safer.** Engineers adapted the G-E "Sealed Beam" auto headlamps into war use—G-E airplane landing lamps 20 times brighter than those on your car. Sealed against dust, dirt and salt water damage, they cut down the peril of high-speed landings.



**Flyers' lives often depend on their instruments.** G-E workers use only tweezers to handle these precious parts of electrically driven gyroscopic instruments, dry them with air jets, oil them with hypodermic needles. They've got to be accurate.

★

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today* news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

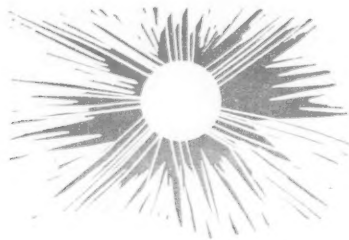
FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS



# CHRISTIAN Herald



JUNE, 1945



## EPIC HOUR

LET the Hallelujah Chorus be sung!

We have come now to that heroic hour in Europe toward which men, women and little children have toiled, fought and died. We have come by ordeals of suffering and sacrifice, unequalled in the history of man. In the Providence of God we have come a long way toward the open gates of peace. Behind us are tragedies of war, memories of those who gave the last full measure. Before us is the unfinished task in the Pacific.

Now in solemn pride for these our beloved dead, whom we shall well remember, God helping us, we must complete the work we are in. They fought not only to defeat a powerful enemy and to bring us to this hour, they fought and died that we might have the chance, the fighting chance, to win the peace. On all the battlefronts these sons of ours, these warriors of the golden years, have been and are and evermore shall be, the peacemakers of their time.

Fellow Americans, more fated than the years behind are these years ahead. What they have done or will yet perform will not be changed, but what



we shall do may well affect the destiny of peoples for a hundred years. They did not lose the other peace; they did not make the war:

*"Theirs not to question why;  
Theirs but to do and die."*

But if we fail, then we betray our trust and break the covenant with our dead.

A little while ago in Old England, I stood beyond the towers of Cambridge and looked across our newest cemetery in the United Kingdom. Already there were 3800 crosses there and every week, for the Air Forces alone, a hundred or more graves were being dug.

That afternoon I saw the cut and broken bodies of seven pilots and I said, "They might have come to study in those university halls. Now they have come to rest in these ancient fields. We shall remember them, for they have not died in vain, and in the future greatness of America and in the peace, they will live and of that greatness they will be a part."

*They came so far to die so young,  
Strong men who have not died;  
For age is measured not in years,  
When death is glorified.*

*They came so far to die so young,  
Nor ever asked reprieve;  
And though their sands have quickly run,  
They would not have us grieve.*

*For they have finished to begin,  
And greater things they do—  
Who came so far to die so young  
And live again in you.\**

God helping us, the war must be finished and the peace must be won. Then shall the peace become the gates of dawn, the dawn of a new era, the era of the soul.

*\*Written by Dr. Poling August 11, 1944 while flying from the Admiralty Islands to New Guinea.—Ed.*

## Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR IN CHIEF

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all nominations, dedicated to this platform: to advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, moral and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike life.





# Heaven's Highway,

## TROUBLED EARTH

By DANIEL  
A. POLING

**E**IGHT times since July 1941 I have flown the Atlantic: twice by Newfoundland or Iceland, three times by Bermuda and the Azores, and three times from the coast of Africa to Brazil. These flights, with two Pacific crossings, and the other air miles covered in five overseas missions, bring my flying log in the four war years to more than 140,000 miles.

And now as I recall these far flights, I remember with gratitude the men at the controls, the pilots who through sun and storm, under the Northern Lights and beneath the Southern Cross, brought me in safety to my destinations. It seems almost incredible that there has never been an accident nor even a serious delay. On my first crossing of the Atlantic in August, 1941, I did not see the water and on my latest crossing we flew blind from the mouth of the St. Lawrence until we broke out of the fog above the lights of LaGuardia Field at an elevation of less than one thousand feet.

**F**ew men of our times have been privileged to see war as Dr. Poling has seen it. He has circled the world, flying heaven's highway to the battlefronts of World War II. Here he reports on Europe; it is a record of men in action, of wounds and wonder, of horror and high hope.

Once I crossed the Hump into China at 12,000 feet and returning we flew with oxygen at 22,000 feet. Landing in Chungking, we swept in over the surrounding hills in mists so heavy that we could scarcely see the far end of the runway. And once on a take-off at Ascension Island in the South Atlantic it seemed that the wing tips would scrape the volcanic mountain. Three years ago we came down upon the Sahara Desert in a sandstorm which sounded like machine-gun fire against our B-47.

We circled for landings in the South Pacific when the tropical islets beneath us looked like turquoise settings for a lady's ring. But across all the continents and beyond the widest ocean, these men who are old and experienced in nautical wisdom before they are old enough to vote, have brought me in safety to a thousand "happy landings." I salute them

and give them my gratitude. God bless them every one.

Returning now from France, Italy and the United Kingdom, since Pearl Harbor I have visited all war theatres and all active fronts where American troops are engaged. I have met individually or in conferences more than 2800 chaplains.

One day I stood in the room where Robert Burns was born and I lingered on the ancient bridge that arches the bonnie Doon. The next morning at five o'clock I left Scotland. Five hours later I knelt before the altar of an Army chapel on Iceland and later flew above the waters of Greenland where on the morning of February 3, 1943, four chaplains, of three faiths, on the torpedoed troopship *Dorchester* gave their lifebelts to enlisted men and in prayer went down together. The North Atlantic lies beneath the fog even as their bodies rest

beneath these waters, but they are alive forever more.

On the night of the day I left Scotland, I saw the lights of Manhattan. I spent slightly less than five weeks in France with a hurried trip to Geneva; two weeks in Italy and ten days in England and Scotland. While in Paris I spoke twice in the American Cathedral (Episcopal), and as often in the Embassy Church which is owned and operated by an interdenominational committee known as The American and Foreign Christian Union.

The cathedral services for our armed forces are held at 9:35 each Sunday morning and crowds the great auditorium. It is conducted by Army chaplains and has the regular and inspiring presence of Commanding Officer Lieutenant General John G. H. Lee, who is a great

constructed army bridges and fields are still sown to death—for a generation, children at play and farmers working in their fields will find the mines which were so thickly planted. I visited the beaches which even now, with only the ruins of their fortifications and obstacles, seem impenetrable against all landings. I walked where General Theodore Roosevelt led his men of the First Infantry Division. He was the first general there. Later I stood uncovered at his grave. "Young Teddy" we called him in World War I. Never has any army known a braver officer and a finer leader of men. I am sure that his father said, "Bully, my son," when they met in heaven.

In Cherbourg I met the base chaplains who are under the leadership of another personal friend of mine, Major John Foley, who was with Senior Chaplain

Patton. All that night the tanks rumbled through Lunéville where we at last were billeted. In the morning, as Chaplain Carter and I went to mess, a weary-eyed driver whose General Sherman tank was delayed, inquired the way to the chapel.

Twenty-seven years ago, a young general led the 42nd or Rainbow Division into the line at Lunéville—a general named Douglas MacArthur. And twenty-seven years ago in Toul, which is only a few miles away, I was with Bishop Brent, General Pershing's great chief of chaplains; and also, twenty-seven years ago in Rambecourt, which lies here in the shadow of Mt. Sec, under the ruins of an old French chateau I sweated out the terror of my first gas attack while I read letters from home, letters from my children. That night twenty-seven years ago, I thanked God they would never know the horror of a war!

We arrived in Colmar, not far from the Falls of the Rhine, the day after the shattered German 19th Army was driven across the rushing spring-flooded river. We visited the 28th, Pennsylvania's famous National Guard Division, and the 110th Regiment while isolated enemy groups were still surrendering. I saw old friends; Captain Morris Katz, a Temple University football immortal, met me on the road in front of battalion headquarters as we came back from a hair-raising experience on the river. That experience, by the way, found me still agile enough to do a perfect face dive into the mud! I got down at least as promptly as three other men who are much younger. The sergeant, whom we accompanied on a patrol, took the wrong turn. He was not to be criticized, for he had gone that way only once before and then under desperate night conditions a few hours earlier. Suddenly we were at the river which at that point is not more than a hundred yards across. Immediately in front of us we saw a camouflaged enemy pillbox and then we were on our faces! Underbrush, which though leafless was thick, and a friendly mist saved our lives. The range was point-blank and the zing of bullets was not friendly. We rolled under the bank which was conveniently placed and got back to comparative safety.

But that little journey toward the Black Forest was justified, for I found the men I had come far to see. Earlier in the day we had passed through a battered village and into a turn that had been so cunningly mined that forty-eight hours later it was still taped. Even so, just before we passed, two vehicles swinging too wide, one a jeep and the other a heavy tank, had been blown up. A hundred yards from the turn, a shoe still held only the foot of the man who had worn it. On the sides of houses and

(Continued on page 50)

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U. S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

*Dr. Poling is greeted upon his arrival at an Italian airport by Captain William C. Summar, a Protestant chaplain. This was one of the many flights Dr. Poling took on his recent tour of the European war fronts.*

general and an equally devout Christian gentleman. Chaplain (Major) George Zorn, a Methodist clergyman attached to the office of the senior chaplain of the base, was in charge of both services during my Paris visit. He is an exceptional young clergyman with whom I had delightful fellowship, for he accompanied me on my trip to the Swiss frontier when I went to Geneva.

Deputy Senior Chaplain (Lieutenant Colonel) Carter, in peacetime rector of a famous Episcopal church in Richmond, Virginia, organized both of these Paris services and has been instrumental in arranging for each of the churches to bring civilian pastors from America. He went with me to the forward positions of the Seventh and Third Armies.

Traveling across Normandy to Cherbourg, I saw the appalling devastation of the battles for the salient. Cities with their cathedrals and shrines are rubble heaps; villages are without one habitable house; rivers are still spanned by hastily

(Colonel) Blakeney, as Blakeney's chief deputy when I flew to London in 1941. Theirs was a loyal comradeship and they gave our forces an efficient spiritual leadership. The buzz-bomb emplacements in Cherbourg which the enemy had almost completed, are awe-inspiring in their proportions. They point directly at Britain's greatest embarkation port. What might have happened, had they ever been completed, is too tragic to think about.

Returning to Paris, I came to the grave of one of the splendid lads from my own church, George L. Brown, Jr. At peaceful St. Andre, I stood by his cross and bowed in prayer.

En route to the Rhine I saw again the villages I knew first in January and February of 1918. Now the trench lines of so long ago run into and mingle with the bomb craters of this global holocaust. One night we drove for hours along a tank division moving up to join the Third Army under General George S.



A FAMOUS college baseball coach, teaching his boys to bat, used to yell at them: "Get set. Be ready for it!" Don't wait until the ball comes swishing over the plate before you start swinging. Get set! It was good advice. It is still good advice, in other fields than baseball. The Church might do well to ponder it.

There's a new world a-coming. There is a bleeding world to bandage, a hungry world to feed, a bomb-blasted world to rebuild, a heartbroken world to restore. It will be the most tremendous job we have ever had. Is the Church ready for it?

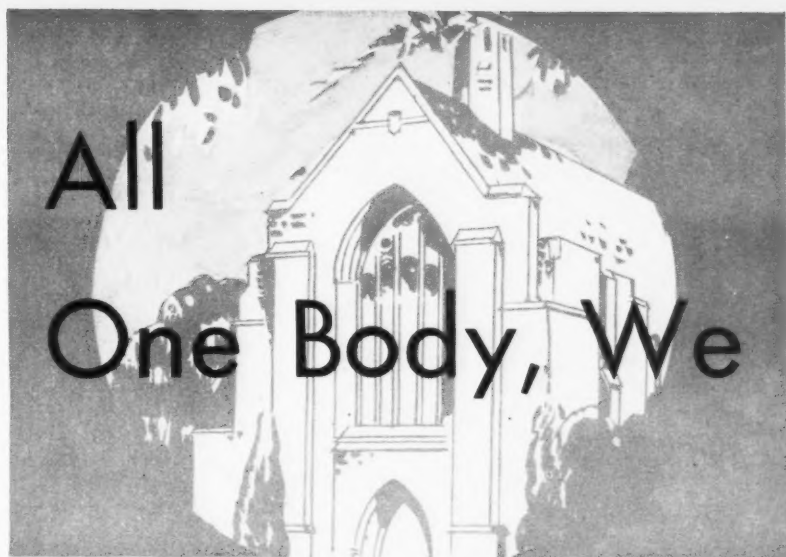
In an effort to find out just how ready American Protestantism is to meet the impact of this post-war world, CHRISTIAN HERALD has written to the leaders of fifteen of the largest Protestant Churches, asking them a simple question: "Can you tell us exactly what (your) Church proposes by way of a post-war program?" We asked for literature, for whatever information was available. What we got—and what we didn't get—leaves us slightly bewildered.

Six of the fifteen didn't even bother to answer the question or the letter; these were the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the Presbyterian Church in the U.S., the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Reformed Church in America, the Church of the Nazarene, the American Lutheran Church. We can't imagine such Churches as these (representing nearly five million Protestants) having no post-war programs, but. . . .

The Christian Scientists referred the query to their Board of Directors, where it evidently died peacefully "in committee." The spokesman for the Disciples of Christ (1,489,995 strong) wrote briefly: "I am afraid that there is very little information I can give you at this time concerning the post-war program of the Disciples of Christ. You see, *we are only beginning to crystallize our thinking concerning the post-war period* into anything like definite plans, and we have not gotten far enough along with the process as yet to share the plans with others." (Italics ours.)

The Methodists and the Baptists came through with a flood of literature. They are ready for it, and no mistake; if we were to pick the two Protestant groups doing the most intelligent and comprehensive thinking on the problem, we'd pick these two. The Methodists are raising \$25,000,000 for a spiritual four-year plan called "The Crusade For Christ." It is evangelism-based; it is educational; it is global. The Methodists are set.

So are the Baptists. Northern Baptists are raising two million dollars to finance



By Frank S. Mead

their post-war reconstruction and advance; they have one of the most capable Post-War Planning Commissions in the whole Church field. Their program is evangelical and educational on a world scale. Southern Baptists are out for a million converts, a million tithers—and ten million dollars to spend on a program that is evangelical, educational, and world-wide.

The United Lutherans are ready to send three representatives into Europe the minute the guns cool off, for "preliminary conversations" on the next step in Lutheranism—which has probably suffered the heaviest casualties of all Protestantism, in this war. They too are raising millions; they too are thinking in terms that are evangelical, educational, global.

The Evangelical and Reformed Church has a commission of thirty men in charge of world service planning and is raising \$1,200,000 to be spent on relief in Europe, the World Council of Churches, work for returned service men and women, and missionary work. The Evangelicals are cooperating with the "Heifers for Relief" program of the Church of the Brethren, who are shipping some 1000 heifers to Europe with the coming of the peace. The American Friends Service Committee is beautifully on the job in the field of foreign relief and rehabilitation—as you would expect them to be. The Congregationalist-Christian Church asks for \$4,500,000 in the next three years to supplement their \$2,500,000 benevolence budget; it too will go for relief, rebuilding, and enlargement.

That's the gist of it. We haven't the space to go into detail with every plan—nor is there any need to. There is a striking similarity, a long continuous thread

running through all these plans, and it might be summed up by saying that Protestantism is already attacking the post-war world in three main directions: in the direction of relief, restoration, education and evangelism. We are a bit startled by the amount of time and energy being lavished upon the raising of money, but there is a good reason for that. You don't finance a world advance in Christianity with petty cash; inasmuch as Mars has been talking in terms of billions for some years back, it may not be out of order for Protestantism to start talking in terms of millions.

But—one thing bothers us here. *All the Churches want to do the same thing.* Most of the larger Churches could have written each other's programs. We want one world, one brotherhood, one faith. We want to beat down sin—and there is nothing denominational about *that*. We want to destroy those forces of sin and evil which have twice within a quarter of a century hurled the world into a global blood bath—and to do that we need not scattered denominational snipers here and there around the world, but a united front! We are loud in our demands upon the statesmen to produce unity and one big strong international organization out of the chaos and bitterness of the war, and we demand that at the very moment when we are more hopelessly divided in Protestantism than we have ever been!

We have thrown our fortunes and our blood into a *unified* struggle to win a ghastly war and a respectable peace. We have won it because we were one country, one firmly joined alliance of United Nations. We will welcome home, shortly, the millions of men who have fought and won that war and who have been told

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OFFICIAL SIGNAL CORP PHOTOS

# MEN *in* *Barracks*

By  
Russell C. Stroup

CHAPLAIN, U. S. ARMY

**R**UDYARD KIPLING it was who wrote that, "Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints." And it is well to remember that the purpose of his poem was not to expose the depravity of the military but rather to point out the often forgotten fact that normally, soldiers are remarkably like the rest of us; no better and no worse. As a chaplain who has lived and labored with our soldiers in training camps and combat areas, I deeply resent, for their sake, the common imputation that the moral atmosphere of the Army degrades and debauches our young men. While I would be the last to suggest that the armed services are the ideal environment for the highest spiritual development of youth, I do most emphatically insist that the mere fact that your son or mine has gone to a training camp does not mean, as some would seem to suggest, that he has "gone to the devil."

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Personally I believe that the ideal atmosphere for youth would be a Christian home in a settled community under the active influence of a Christian church. To remove a young man from these beneficent influences and place him in an army training camp is not going to be a change for the better, but it certainly will not be as bad as some would have us believe. Nor should we

forget the fact that the chances are that few of our young men who have reached the age of eighteen would continue to be in this fine home atmosphere even if they were not called by the Army. College or work would take them away and the home ties would be severed whether we like it or not. Unfortunately, too, only relatively few of our youth are living under the happy moral influences I have described. More than half of our young men do not live in Christian homes, have no contact with any church, and reside in communities which leave much to be desired in regard to their moral tone. Even in the case of our more fortunate youth there is no community in our modern world which is not replete with perils for the young, and there is no perfect environment which will be certain to safeguard the spiritual and moral life of our young men.

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*"At army camps, programs are carried on which offer a much finer opportunity for the creative use of leisure time than is afforded to most young people in civilian life," says Chaplain Stroup. Above: A Protestant church service is held at a California camp. Opposite page: A singing session at night after maneuvers.*

There are moral dangers, but there are also moral deterrents in the army camps. Unfortunately the first have been given greater publicity than the second, with the result that the reputation of our soldiers has suffered and the minds of their parents have been disturbed. We all know the truth of the quaint old adage: "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." We are aware that the most potent cause of delinquency is idleness. So when you begin to worry about what your son is doing at training camp, remember first of all that most of his time is going to be spent in work—hard work of hand and brain which fills his waking hours and sends him to an early bed and dreamless sleep.

The training period is a tremendously busy time with almost every hour of every day filled with exacting and exhausting labor and study. The idle hours which are the times of temptation for youth are reduced to an absolute minimum. In the army training program there is little of the leisure of high schools, or colleges, or even the ordinary industrial job. While this is particularly true of the basic training period when the trainee is adjusting himself to his new life, it is characteristic of the entire program. Your boy will probably be both too busy and too tired to get into trouble even if he has the inclination.

Of course it is not all work and no play. There are many hours devoted to recreation. In fact the proper sort of recreation is a part of the training program and an elaborate organization has been



*"It may well be our post-war goal to provide for all young people the same excellent recreational opportunities we have given so abundantly to our soldiers in training."*

set up within the Army to supply this recognized need. This means that a young man's leisure hours are also supervised to a far greater extent than is true in civilian life. Much of the soldier's recreation revolves around the activities provided on the post itself—that little world which is the community of the trainee. Here one finds the movies with thousands in attendance each night. Here are the athletic fields with their directed games and sports. Here are the

service clubs with their libraries, auditorium and game rooms.

All of these are under constant and careful supervision. There are no malodorous pool halls, roadhouses, juke joints, or other such hangouts on army posts. Instead, as has been suggested, there is a well planned and supervised program of recreation under the Army Special Service with inexpensive movies, the finest athletic equipment and coaching, well stocked libraries and reading rooms, and social gatherings where the young women guests are carefully investigated and chaperoned. At such affairs, unlike similar functions in civilian communities, there can be no drinking, no rowdyism, and no aftermath of parked cars on country lanes so familiar a feature on our college campuses.

Naturally the soldier sometimes leaves the post and seeks diversion in nearby communities, just as he would if he were a college student. Here he will meet with the same temptations which exist in his own home town, but without the restraints which might surround him there. But the Army does not neglect its men even when they are off duty. Every effort is made (with no little success) to "clean up" communities adjacent to

army camps, and much more could be done in this line in the less hectic days of peace. Many of the problems found in communities adjacent to training camps are problems common to all of wartime America and are, unfortunately, just as prevalent around war industries as around military camps. The important point is that the Army does what it can to control these conditions and protect the men in uniform.

In spite of every precaution some men





*Not only is the Army chaplain the head of the post religious activities, he also serves the men as social mentor, financial guide, helps them work out whatever concerns them or their families.*



will get into trouble even as they do at home or in college communities. It is hardly just, however, to lay the blame for this at the door of the Army. The responsibility goes back to the home, the church and the school. Given proper training by these institutions, a young man reaching maturity ought to be able to meet the temptations of life and overcome them, especially when he is safeguarded to the extent he is in the Army. If he fails, the chances are that the fault lies either in his training or in himself.

It is worthy of note at this point that the Army attempts to do what the church, the home, and the school have often failed to do and that is educate young men in the dangers of indulgence in drink or improper sexual relations. This education is the joint responsibility of commanding officers, physicians and chaplains and while we may not be wholly pleased with some aspects of it, the fact remains that an honest attempt has been made to save men from the consequences of their ignorance of the wages of what we in the churches call "sin." Naturally the Army is more interested in the physical than in the moral results of indulgence, but the moral aspect is not overlooked since the chaplain shares with the physician the instruction of the soldier along these lines.

Before we leave the question of the soldier's leisure time, mention should be made of the splendid cooperation of the USO and church organizations in providing for the social life of trainees. Even in the smallest communities no soldier

can honestly say there is no opportunity for him to find the right kind of social contacts if he wishes to do so. At the USO clubs and the church and community centers, programs are carried on which offer a much finer opportunity for the creative use of leisure time than is afforded to most young people in civilian life. In fact it may well be our postwar goal to provide for all young people the same excellent recreational opportunities which we have given so abundantly to our soldiers in training. This is something for our church and community leaders to strive for when peace comes.

In considering the moral environment of our youth in training, the most important consideration must be the positive influences for good which surround our men whether in the Army or the Navy through the medium of the chaplains. As never before in our history and as in no other military force in the world, our government has provided for our men in service the finest of religious advantages. It is no exaggeration to say that your son in the Army or the Navy comes in more vital contact with the ministry of religion than he ever did or could at home and this is not in any sense a criticism of the civilian church. It is simply a statement of fact. It is due to the circumstances of military life which permit the chaplain to come into more intimate association with his men than would be possible in his peacetime pastorate.

With every sizable unit of the Army or Navy there is a chaplain. His duties are exclusively religious. He has one job and only one and that is to minister to the religious needs of his men. He has none of the many duties which distract the civilian pastor from his primary task. For example, he does not have to concern himself with finances. His salary, his church, and his equipment from the cross on the altar to the car he rides are provided by the government. Everything possible is done to free him for the all-important spiritual ministry to his men. Most commanding officers are eager to assist the chaplain and certainly those of the higher ranks are cooperating to the fullest extent. A very material symbol of the importance which the Army attaches to the religious work among the men is the chapel. Many of you have seen these truly lovely buildings which are the finest on the post and are dedicated exclusively to the worship of God and the work of religion.

Moreover, the chaplain lives with his men. He eats with them, sleeps with them, works with them, and shares their experiences in a way impossible for the civilian pastor. The relationship of the chaplain with his men is more closely analogous to that of the civilian minister at a summer conference of young people. Here in the intimacy of that happy relationship so much fine creative work has been done, as every young person or

minister who has attended them can testify. Day and night the chaplain is available to your boy and he is constantly seeking a closer contact with him. It is no wonder that young men who would never think of bringing their intimate problems to their pastor at home come to the chaplain and open their hearts to him. Here is truly a pastoral relationship which is personal and vital to the men and chaplains alike.

It is no wonder then that a far larger percentage of men attend services in the Army than in the home communities. Statistics are misleading but I know from my own experience that this is true. In the last unit which I served there were approximately 600 non-Catholic men and we always had from 300 to 400 at our Sunday services and from 150 to 200 at prayer meeting. In my home community if fifty percent of the population attended service on Sunday morning, the churches could not contain them. And remember that these are all young men whereas in the church back home a large percentage of the congregation is apt to be made up of faithful women or the far-from-young. It is doubtful whether the very largest church in any one of our great cities has 400 young men in attendance on Sunday morning. It is well to keep these facts in mind when considering the alleged depravity of the army environment in which your son may find himself.

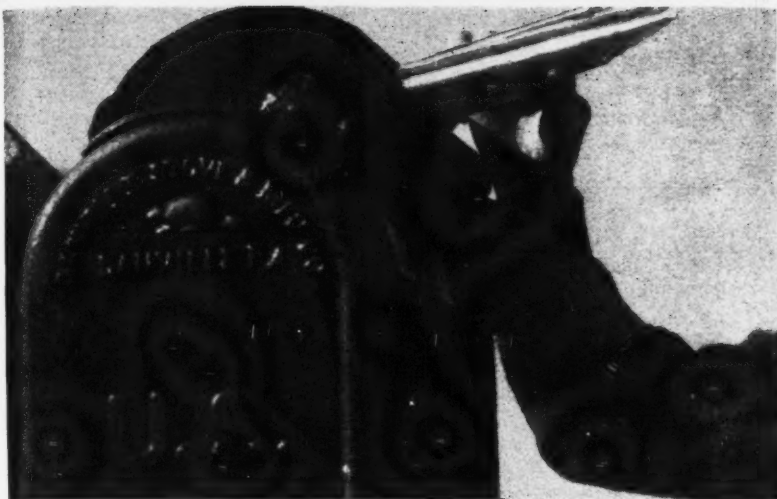
Our churches have made the mistake of considering our young men in the Army as a problem rather than as an opportunity. Personally I know of no finer missionary or evangelistic field. For years we have recognized that the church has failed to reach, as we should, three great groups in our population: our men, our youth, and the unsaved. Here in our army camps we have gathered together thousands of young men at least half of whom have never come in contact with any Christian influence. Remember that they represent a cross-section of America in which more than fifty percent of our people belong to no church of any kind. If a million young men are called up for training each year, that

(Continued on page 54)



*Many men receive their introduction to a library and its opportunities at the training camp.*





# Write YOUR CONGRESSMAN

By Lowell Brentano

**W**RITING letters to Congress is a favorite indoor sport. The countless men who lack the nerve to talk back to the boss or to argue with the missus have no hesitation in telling their senator or representative just how to run the country. Every organization that sponsors or opposes a bill screams, "Write Your Congressman," and Americans have taken this advice hook, line and sinker.

Senators receive a far heavier mail than Congressmen. There are only 96 senators for the entire country, as compared with one representative for approximately every 280,000 in population. Pennsylvania, for instance, has 33 Congressmen, New York 45—yet each state is limited to two senators.

Contrary to belief, there has been no staggering increase in correspondence since Pearl Harbor. Letters come in cycles, and according to the intensity of public interest in various questions. Congressional eyestrain really started in 1932, with the inauguration of the Federal relief program and all the emergency agencies. Then came the flood of "gimme" letters, the appeals for jobs, mortgages and loans. These literary efforts dwindled, but rebounded sharply with the beginning of the European war and the various bills introduced to ready Amer-

ica for her part in the global conflict.

In 1939, for example, when the Neutrality Bill was under discussion, Senator James M. Mead of New York, who is reputed to receive more mail than anyone else on Capitol Hill, staggered under 20,000 letters a day. Even Senator Warren R. Curtis, from the comparatively small state of Vermont, averaged 500 letters weekly. In 1940 Senator Claude Pepper of Florida, who was leading the fight on the floor for the Selective Service Act, received over 1000 letters daily. And this correspondence, mind you, was totally apart from the regular daily mail!

The majority of the letters received are sensible, many of them constructive. Old timers who were in politics during the last war are amazed. The current events and picture magazines, discussion forums, the extension courses offered by universities, the radio, have enlarged people's ideas much more than is generally believed. Thanks to these educational factors many a farmer today has a better knowledge of what's going on in the world than the businessman of a few decades ago. But, curiously enough, men still greatly outnumber women as letter writers. Despite the WAC's, the WAVES and the SPARS, despite the huge army of women in industry, there has been no perceptible increase in feminine correspondence.

People write Washington about everything under the sun, because the government has grown so huge and complicated that the average citizen doesn't know where to start when he wants something—so he starts at the top! Letters about taxes, insurance, labor unions, visas for friends and relatives, letters seeking favors or information come in a steady stream. Applications for positions or financial aid have dwindled to almost nothing, except the constant requests from those attracted by the adventure and glamour of getting a job abroad with some official agency in an occupied country. There are thousands of inquiries and pleas (especially from mothers and wives of servicemen) about military matters: transfers and discharges, the adjustment of dependency cases, complaints about allotments, requests for furloughs, and speedy check-ups on dear ones listed as "missing in action."

As government regulation increases, the individuals who are regulated proceed to howl. Protests about the OPA, mostly from small business men and consumers, arrive in every post. Florida farmers need trucks to transport their fruit and vegetables, Minnesota sons of the soil clamor for more overalls, mothers groan over the scarcity and price of children's clothes. But on the whole, people have become accustomed to OPA restrictions and are accepting them as a necessary evil.

According to the mail, the internationalists are winning every round. Party and sectional lines are disappearing as Americans demand justice for all. Throughout the country, men and women of every religious faith are urging Congress to influence Great Britain to let down the bars in Palestine. On a broader scale, people appear convinced that we can never return to our former isolation, but must participate in some association of nations to maintain a lasting peace. Naturally, there is a wide variety of opinion on methods and policies—but an almost unanimous agreement that the United States must lead the way in post-war plans to enforce the rebuilding of a stable world.

On the other hand, people often neglect domestic issues which should closely concern them. Representative Jerry Voorhis of California points out, "On some tax questions that apply to only one-half of one percent of the population, you may get as many letters as on the entire OPA. I hardly got any mail about the bill raising postage rates, but plenty on whether the excess profits tax should be 90% or 95%. This is apt to give Congress an unbalanced impression . . . it makes that body think there are more rich people than there really are."

It is assumed that senators and Congressmen ordinarily receive the bulk of their mail from their home state, and

(Continued on page 58)

# Garden Path to GOD

By BEATRICE  
PLUMB

**P**ERHAPS I should never have found the garden path to God, had it not been for the war. Previously I had loved gardens, but not gardening. I had been content to "let George do it"—George being the current colored boy who weeded and watered a well-kept garden for three dollars a day—and whistled as he worked.

Then about a year ago we moved into our present little Florida home, compelled to buy it because there was no other way to insure a roof over our heads. And the senior member of the family, eighty years old, and recovering from an almost fatal fall, had to have a roof.

It was a scorching mid-summer day, and we chose the little white bungalow chiefly for the shade of the giant oak in the rear, and the cool green lawns. I never gave even a fleeting thought to the fact that leaves fall, and that a lawn becomes a hayfield unless mowed at intervals.

Whistling George threw one aghast look at our new garden—and stopped whistling. "Looks as if nothing ain't been done to it since Pearl Harbor!" he groaned. He took a slow tour of the place, then came back to report: "It's getting ten dollars a day, and up, for gardening these wartimes. For this job, it'd be up!"

I knew then that my days of letting George do it were over. For the duration I must be my own gardener. I was on the wrong side of my luck. There was no money to spend on getting the place





in shape. And how it needed it! It bore no resemblance at all to the trim, nicely dressed, well-mannered gardens I had met before, in life and verse.

It had two moth-eaten cedar trees sentineling the front door, a ragged palm, some under-nourished shrubs, a tree of sour oranges, every garden pest imaginable, and a few foraging rats. And literally thousands of spiked devils!

I called them that, not knowing their polite name, as for exhausting months I waged an unrelenting, and apparently hopeless war against them. They had long, pointed, swordlike leaves and vampirish roots. Instead of staying in their stronghold of the wild, a waste of scrub lying just across the road from us, they had invaded our garden in hordes. In their passion for colonizing, they had settled in every bed and border, nook and cranny. Even the lawn was not safe from their insatiable lust for land and conquest. They nosed in under the doorstep; they sent a network of tenacious roots under the very foundation of our home. They even thrust their spiked swords through the paving stones of our garden path.

"They're adders' tongues," a neighbor told me, darkly. "They're *jungle*! You'll have to root 'em out if you want to grow a garden. It took me a full year to clear those undermining die-hards from my own place. I was ready to quit a dozen times. Then I'd remember that there's no failure until you give up, and I'd go at it again . . . And, say, you ought to see my flowers now!"

No surpliced minister in a pulpit. Just a neighbor in his shirt sleeves preaching a sermon from over his well-kept garden hedge!

I resumed my defense against the besieging wild with renewed vigor, and soon I had reinforcements; a kind church brother brought his tools and built a hand-rail to each flight of steps leading from the house into the garden. So now, the senior member could get in and out unaided, and join in the battle.

Leaning on her cane, she'd limp off on a hunt for "Nazis" spiking their swords through our defenseless turf. "Another!" she'd report, or "More!" No need to elaborate. I knew what she meant. Dropping whatever I was doing,

I'd go and get the hatchet and sally forth to the slaughter.

A garden, "the veriest school of Peace!" I'd scoff at the thought. Mine was slaughter . . . and struggle . . . and sore muscles!

True, I'd admit, all the gardeners I ever knew found God in their gardens, and knelt to His mysterious Presence in seed and shoot and sap and struggle—in the Parable of Nature, the Miracle of Spring.

Or, as I toiled in the sun, bending an aching back over weeds that must give place to seeds, I'd recall that shining promise:

*And when your back stops aching,*

*And your hands begin to harden,*

*You will find yourself a partner*

*In the Glory of the Garden.*

A partner! Of course I knew the joy of growing things in an abstract, dreamy sort of way. I could recite Grace Noll Crowell's "Creators," and Eddie Guest's poem, "A Package of Seeds," with that unforgettable line: "You have planted a miracle here for a dime." But I had never before actually experienced the awed thrill of placing seeds in the ground with my own hands.

I pored over the directions on that first seed package. "Sow one-quarter inch deep, six inches apart. Plant in a dry, sandy and sunny location." I carefully notched a quarter-inch mark on my pencil. I took my desk ruler to measure the exact distance between each little grave. Then, with hands as reverent as those folded in prayer or at the Communion rail on Sunday, this momentous Monday morning I dropped each tiny seed into its appointed place.

I held my breath. God was as close as this—in a garden! I looked at my own hand, work-hardened now. To think that God could use anything so small and inexperienced as that to work His miracle! My soul went on tip-toe for days as I watched the beds and borders in which my peaceful wee seeds had supplanted the fierce wild swords of the devils.

And when, one glad morning, I saw my first nasturtium up, instead of shouting the news from the roof tops, I stood in trance awe, gazing down at it. Here was life! That mysterious Something

"which chemistry cannot find, linking us all in kinship with the one Eternal Mind." In this wee seedling . . . in my soul . . . in the universe . . . in God.

I thought of the struggle that tiny green thing had made, pushing its way through the hard darkness of the earth . . . getting from each struggle more strength to grow up . . . up to the light . . . to the sun . . . to a new life. Blessed struggle! Blessed partnership in the Glory of the Garden!

The thought came to me that we are all God's seeds, pushing up through the harsh soil of these suffering, striving years to a newer, freer life of spiritual flower and fruitage, and that God, the gardener, was watching His seed—hoping for the best.

As the months flew by, and my garden bloomed into a wealth of color and fragrance, I had many signs. I do not mean that I was always actively conscious of His presence; for my garden was such an odd mixture of despair and delight, dirt, dreams and lurking spiked devils that I would often lose sight of the Deity.

Then, in a rush of new life and light, there He would be! As on that burdened day when, spent and spiritless, I leaned against the gnarled trunk of the old oak tree, and, looking up, saw the maimed bird I had coddled back to life, soar on its hurt wing from a new nest . . . singing!

Instantly, all my little whining, fretting cares took wing and were lost in that indomitable small song. God who had taught a hurt bird to build a perfect little nest would surely help me to plan and build aright.

Then one night when a black mood enveloped me, I stood in the darkness to see our first moon flowers open. Slowly and soundlessly, white as angels, they shook out the creases from their soft fluted wings and opened—to lighten my darkness.

I stood out there in the night, watching, until a score of them, each a serene white hope, glowed against the deep shadows of the vines that screen our porch. When I came in, I was serene as the moon flowers! Every corner of my heart was filled with their light and grace. God had smiled at me in beauty.

Then there was the mystic night when my garden became "the veriest school of Peace." I could not sleep. For hours I lay awake, tossing this way and that, agonizing over the ghastly toll of the war, and—worse still!—tormented by festering fears for the chances of a lasting peace. Could any group of world powers—three, six, or a dozen—be big enough, I worried, to lay foundations of a peace that would endure? Fear had whipped Faith, and there I was thrashing my pillow into a pulp, and getting nowhere!

So I slipped out of the house to the old tree, to seek its strength and the



healing touch of its shadows. What hurricanes it had withstood, this old warrior of the forest, what torrential cloudbursts, what thundering electrical storms! How proudly it carried its scars!

It was a night of magical beauty. In the white moonlight the spreading branches could have been the vaulted roof of some great cathedral, built of the stalwart faith and fortitude of generations past and gone. Here was the silent holiness of some invisible Altar. I leaned against the old tree and closed my weary eyes. And then it came—God's Whisper

Almighty, with Whom all things are possible? Things looked clearer in that white light. My thoughts had stopped their squirrel-caging. My mind stilled down—and listened.

Then from somewhere in my Tree Cathedral a Voice, like that of a beloved teacher, came to me: "To make your garden, you had to dig, didn't you? So much to root out before you could even hope to have your flower seeds grow! Well, to have peace, isn't the process much the same? Think of all the jungle spiked devils to be yanked out!

was more. Presently it went on as if a little tired: "Didn't you know that world peace is a God-size dream so stupendous that it will take His Spirit working mightily through the multitude to make it a reality? What makes you think it is all up to the Big Three, at a parley or two?"

"But what can I do?" I begged. "I'm one of the multitude."

"Weed your own little spiritual plot, making it ready for the Prince of Peace to sow His seed . . . Then, be still, and know that He is God!"

I went indoors and slept soundly.

GOD SPOKE TO ME one day through my delinquent young morning glories. I had wanted some of this color to be up in the air, as well as on the ground; so I strung morning glories up the trunks of all the palms and other trees. The seeds that were left over I planted at the foot of the back garden under the borderline hibiscus hedge.

With too much shade and beyond the reach of the hose, those hedge seedlings were a sorry lot. One day I found the telephone man eyeing them, with advice written all over him.

"They're like all young-uns," he informed me. "They need something to hang onto and look up to. Got some sticks handy?"

I rushed stakes to him from the garage, and in a twinkling he had given each wobbly seedling a guiding post. "We wouldn't have half this delinquency," he confided sagely, "if those poor kids had some dependable grown-up to cling to until they could go straight."

"Are you a Sunday-school teacher?" I asked, interested.

He roared at that. "Not me," he said. "I got troubles enough as it is. I just like flowers and kids."

My conscience stirred uncomfortably, and began its nagging again. For, that very week I had decided to give up my Sunday-school class. Indeed, my letter of resignation was then on my desk ready to mail. Because of my heavy extra work, and since I had taught a class for over three years, I had felt well justified in resigning from this one extra duty.

Long after he had gone on to climb the next pole, I stood there looking at his strong sticks and the way my wandering seedlings were clinging to them. Could it be that I was a guiding post to one of those noisy, nice youngsters I taught each Sunday? I must never be too busy to be a stick or string for a child to hang onto! I went in and tore up my resignation.

Week by week our garden grew into a bower of rich foliage, rampaging vines and glowing flowers. I planted morning glories everywhere. It starts the day

(Continued on page 42)

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*I am a partner with Him as I toil;  
My hand, a link between the earth and heaven.*

FROM "CREATORS," BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL.  
COURTESY HARPER & BROS.

—just as it has come to me in other times of stress or sorrow, telling me the same thing: *Be still, and know that I am God.*

Only, now it was the answer to my futile fear, to that faithless question, "Could any three powers—or six or a dozen—be big enough?" For, in a great wave of illumination, I knew they didn't have to be. *Be still, and know that I am God!*

Why had I forgotten to count the Invisible Power—the Prince of Peace, the

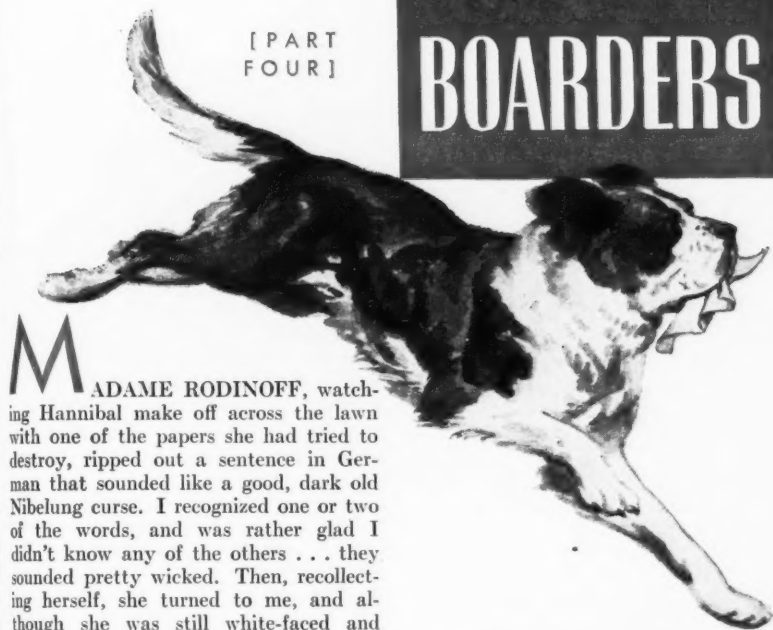
Class strife . . . race prejudice. And, most important to a Christian, since peace should begin at His Altar—religious prejudice! And don't overlook that insidious spiked devil that Cain surely must have first planted with his question, *Am I my brother's keeper?* And, by the way, there is a very little devil by your own doorstep—a personal misunderstanding. Half a dozen words would yank it up now. Don't let it grow any bigger."

The Voice stopped, but I knew there

By RUTH  
GILBERT  
COCHRAN

[PART  
FOUR]

# Miss Barton's BOARDERS



MADAME RODINOFF, watching Hannibal make off across the lawn with one of the papers she had tried to destroy, ripped out a sentence in German that sounded like a good, dark old Nibelung curse. I recognized one or two of the words, and was rather glad I didn't know any of the others . . . they sounded pretty wicked. Then, recollecting herself, she turned to me, and although she was still white-faced and shaking with rage, she brought her voice down and demanded coldly, "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

I was on my knees by the fireplace by this time, struggling to open the damper-slide in the chimney, and I waited until that was accomplished to answer her. Then I rose to my feet. I was in no mind to offer explanations to any such woman as she from the humility of a kneeling position.

"I should hardly call it an intrusion," I said, briskly dusting soot from my hands. "When the house is full of smoke, one doesn't stand on ceremony. For all I knew, you might still have been asleep, and the fire accidental. If you had asked me, I would have told you not to use the fireplace unless the draft was open. Fortunately, your door was not locked. . ."

"That," snapped Madame, "will not happen again, you may be sure. I came here for privacy, as you may remember. So, will you kindly close my door, and send those other people away?"

I had not noticed, being too intent on clearing the room of smoke, that Claude Gillinghurst and the two Dunbar girls had come dashing downstairs to see where the fire was. Now they stood, a

rather disheveled trio, beside Bill and Prilly in the doorway, and all were frankly enjoying the situation. I walked over and sent them packing in short order, noting with a stern eye that while Vivian and Loretta went obediently up the stairs in giggling disorder, Claude followed Prilly to the kitchen, and Bill, instead of sharing my disapproval of that move, merely winked and walked out to the front lawn.

I closed the door then—I'm afraid I slammed it—and rejoined Madame now standing by the front window, her eyes on Mr. Walker. "Is that Mr. Walker crazy?" she asked flatly. "He has had the impertinence, just now, to stop chasing that stupid dog and . . . and kiss his hand to me!" She tried to sound indignant, but she was actually pleased, and the gesture with which she settled the lace ruffles of her elaborate rose silk negligee was positively coquettish.

"Why, he . . ." I began, and then grasped Madame's arm. "Look," I cried, "he's caught Hannibal, at last, and . . . yes, he's getting that paper! Come on out on the porch and meet him. He said he wanted to speak to you."

"He . . . wanted to speak to me?"

**Synopsis:** Sunny Abby Barton after 25 years of teaching school, finds her school closed and herself with no means of support other than a big old house. She decides to take in summer boarders, secures the Candlebeam Singers. The leader is J. Earle Walker, the star, handsome Claude Gillinghurst; also there are the Dunbar sisters, Baby Elaine, and others. Prilly, Dr. Longfellow's pretty daughter, is enlisted to help out along with old Bill Crosby, Abby's man-of-all-work and good friend. An unexpected boarder is Mme. Rodinoff, white haired, foreign, imperious. Abby, with her simple household, is loath to take in this well-to-do *grande dame* who has just lost her maid in a Pullman crash. Madame herself burned her hand. Over Abby's protestations, she moves in. There is something mysterious about the foreigner and Abby is apprehensive. Meanwhile, Prilly and Claude have taken quite a liking to each other and Abby is concerned about that. One night Abby accidentally overhears the Madame phoning her New York apartment asking her butler to send a trunkful of clothes, her mink coat and \$5000 in cash. Next day the Russian lady inquires about posting an important letter she must write. In talking to Bill, Mr. Walker discloses that he had quite a crush on Mme. Rodinoff years ago when she was plain Zaida Muller. Later they smell smoke coming from Madame's room. Convinced that the foreigner tried to start a fire in the fireplace with the dampers closed, Abby rushes into the room—the door was fortunately not locked—and as she does so, one of the sheets of paper burning in the hearth whirls up and floats out the open window. Before it can settle to the lawn, Hannibal, Prilly's dog, seizes it and makes off. Now go on with the story.

Illustrator KARL GODWIN

There was a look, almost of fear on Madame Rodinoff's face, and then she shrugged. "Let us go out, then," she said. "It is only right that I should thank the gentleman." We went out the front door just as Mr. Walker, holding the rescued paper in his hand, started up the porch steps. But Madame, and I, too, had not reckoned on Hannibal, nor the effect that the Russian woman's presence always had on him.

Up to this point the pup had played fair in his game of tag with Mr. Walker, relinquishing the paper willingly when he was finally caught. But the sight of Madame, as always, roused the dog to a fury. Baring his teeth, he leaped high in the air, tore the sheet of paper from the man's grasp and fled to his old hide-out under the porch.

"It's gone for good now, I guess," Bill chuckled, and although he and Mr. Walker stooped down and coaxed and whistled, they got no response but a muffled growl.

"I think he's going to chew it up and swallow it," Mr. Walker laughed. Then he removed his hat and came up on the porch, his hand outstretched. "Well, well, Zaida Muller!" he beamed. "Don't you remember me?"

"You?" Madame shrank back, her eyes yellower than I had ever seen them. "No," she said faintly. "Why should I?"



"I'm Johnny Walker. Madison, class of nineteen-seven. Now, don't tell me my name means nothing to you, even if old Father Time has done his worst to my manly beauty!" He waited, beaming, but Madame's face was still coldly blank.

"I am sorry," she said, finally. "Your name means nothing . . . I have no recollection of it."

Mr. Walker looked angry at that. "I don't believe you," he grated. "But, don't worry. I had no intention of reminding you that you jilted me for Ivan Rod . . ." he bit the word off, laughing quite nat-

urally. "Sorry. I've been taking the old days too much to heart . . . got a little melodramatic there, didn't I? Shucks, Zaida, I only wanted to be friends again, but if you'd rather high-hat me, it's O.K. Miss Barton, I'm crushed. And also very hungry. How's about some breakfast?"

"It's all ready," I assured him. "Would you like some of my damson jam with the very special muffins Prilly's made?"

"You bet I would! Just give me time to wash these traces of Hannibal's collar off my hands." He sprang up the stairs, smiling back at me, and I felt a real lik-



White-faced and shaking with rage, down and demanded coldly, "What is

Mme. Rodinoff brought her voice the meaning of this intrusion?"

ing for the funny little man, jaunty still and not in the least resentful that I had been a witness to his recent embarrassing experience.

"Mr. Walker, wait!" I called softly, and he paused, leaning over the banister until I stood just below him in the hall. Madame Rodinoff, coming in, cast a

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curious glance in our direction, and I gave her time to enter her room and lock the door before I spoke. "Don't think I'm just nosy," I half-whispered, "but was that woman, when you knew her as Zaida Muller, really a university student?"

"Oh-ho, no!" He threw his head back and laughed softly. "She was a waitress at Heinemann's Garden, a German place where they served the most wonderful apfel-strudel. She was a beauty with her golden hair and cornflower blue eyes—they've faded, haven't they?—and I wasn't the only student she flirted with. Of course when she saw that a professor with a good private income was seriously interested in her, she gave all us boys the mitten, and married him. It made quite a sensation in the college, that match, and Rodinoff was smart enough to resign and depart for Russia with his bride that June. Are you actually feeling sorry for me, Miss Barton? You needn't. I'd forgotten the whole affair long ago."

"I'm glad to hear that," I smiled. "And thanks for answering my question. I really was puzzled."

"And I still am, a bit," I thought as I walked slowly out through the dining room to the kitchen. Madame's almost peasant-like ignorance, her utter lack of courtesy and her unfamiliarity with ordinary American idioms—all unthinkable in a college girl—were explained, of course, by Mr. Walker's story. But I had a feeling—almost a conviction—that Madame had been telling the truth when she said she had no recollection of young Johnny Walker, class of nineteen-seven. A lapse of memory? Aging people did have such things, I knew.

"Amnesia, that's it," I decided, and dismissed the problem for the more immediate one of purveying food to a household of hungry people. Part of that job had already been attended to, for Claude and Prilly had carried six of the prettily decorated trays up the backstairs, and Prilly, her cheeks a lovely peony pink, was preparing the seventh for our downstairs guest.

"I'll take that in to Madame," I said, "while you pop upstairs with this jar of jam for Mr. Walker. But come right back. I want to talk to you."

"Okey-doke," Prilly nodded. "I've got scads to tell you, too."

Madame, ignoring the earlier episode, greeted me with a question. "The mailman arrives, you say, at half past ten?"

"Thereabouts," I replied. "If you put your letter in the box and turn the little tin flag up, he'll stop whether he has anything for us or not."

"I will meet him and hand him the letter," Madame declared. "But first, have that girl who helps you, remove her dog to her own yard and tie him up there, if you please."

"Of course, Madame Rodinoff," I

agreed, repressing a smile none too well.

And I forbade Prilly, who was waiting for me, fairly bursting to talk, to say a single word until that errand had been done.

I was enjoying my second cup of tea—good tea, not the usual country-store mixture of hay and molasses—when the child returned. "I tied the poor little fellow up," she reported. "But did I have a time coaxing him out from under your steps, and then he wouldn't bring me that piece of paper that Madame Whoozis was hurrahing about. He kept his paw on it and growled, and finally, when he saw I meant business, he actually pushed the paper through that grating in the housewall, and then he came out acting as if he was the smartest tiger in the jungle. So that's that. But I want to tell you something else. Miss Abby, it's the most wonderful thing . . . you'll die!"

"Oh, I guess not," I sniffed. "Did you and the wonder boy cook up something this morning?"

"You're psychic," Prilly gasped. "Look—



"It's gone for good now, I guess," Bill said, and although he and Mr. Walker coaxed and whistled, they got no response but a muffled growl.

it. Mr. Gillinghurst—if you insist, although he *personally* asked me to call him Claude—told me I had a lovely speaking voice, and that I ought to be able to sing nicely. So he's going to get Mr. Walker to give me an audition, and maybe I can take part in the concert they're putting on next week!"

"I'm not one bit surprised," I said. "It's just what I'd expect Master Claude to do. But I'm not going to express any opinion as to whether it's a wise thing for you to do. That's up to your parents. You'll tell them, too, of course?"

"Oh, sure! But Mother's the one I'll have to convince. Dad's a lamb!"

"Huh," I chuckled. "Even lambs balk, sometimes. However, this all leads up to

what I meant to mention to you. No, I'm not going to scold you. But I wasn't at all pleased when young Gillinghurst followed you out to the kitchen this morning, and I want you to give me your word that you won't encourage him if he goes on trying to have private conversations with you. You're so young and pretty and sweet, it's no wonder he's attracted. But . . . well, just make your concert talks a threesome, with Mr. Walker included, after this. Will you?"

"All right," Prilly said slowly, but there was a trace of tears in her voice, and I was sorry I had had to hurt her blithe young spirit. Still, I felt responsible for her, while she was in my house.

"Let's get at those dishes," I said briskly, "and then, after the singers have gone to town, we'll do the rooms. I'd like to get the work out of the way early today. Er—what about that concert they're giving next week?"

"Oh, it'll be one of their old American folk-song evenings." Prilly, clattering dishes into the pan, was glowing

again now. "That's Mr. Walker's hobby, you know. Claude says Mr. Walker has always been terribly interested in the music people knew and sang in Colonial days, and he feels there ought to be some way of reviving that sort of music. So, when Mr. Walker was left a lot of money a few years ago, he gave up business and started these concert tours in different parts of the country. This year he's presenting early New England folk-songs and ballads. And Mrs. Hammer-smith is sharing expenses, so Baby Elaine always plays a violin solo!"

"I can imagine," I laughed, "what that's like. Bill says a kid playing a fiddle always makes him think of a mosquito (Continued on page 56)"

WHEN a child wants to give you a present, you never know quite what to expect. The other day a little boy gave me a mountain. To keep as long as I want it, to carry around with me wherever I go, to take out and look at whenever I'm in a cramped, small place and need a mountain.

Christopher and I didn't know each other very well. I could see he had been told to be nice to the guest, and he was doing his twelve-year-old best to fulfill that obligation. But for the first hour or so of my visit to his house, I was just faceless, anonymous "comp'ny," a grown-up, hence somebody to be polite to.

I kept trying to win him over; I kept telling him things I thought would interest him. I got out what I hoped was a joke that would appeal to a boy in blue jeans, with sunburned hair and a wide grin holding his ears apart. But still he was listening and laughing . . . politely.

So then I remembered what I had learned when I myself was only eleven . . . and even then trying to get twelve-year-old boys to like me. Boys don't want to listen to stuff . . . they want to tell it. So I stopped trying to put my best foot forward, and admired Christopher's best foot.

I must say that *then* the conversation flowed. Paradoxically enough, a conversation flows most swiftly upstream. Talking "down" is slow-going and shameful, for it travels against the grain of respect. But talking upward . . . to the higher intelligence which waits to be summoned in every man, be he babe or sage . . . makes even the talker taller.

The best talks we have, come off the top of ourselves and look upward. When we hear ourselves talking down, we ought to stop quickly, for we are committing double-edged injustice—hurting ourselves as much as our listener.

So I let Christopher do the talking, and by the time luncheon was half finished, he liked me so well he was bursting to give me something. You could almost see him rummaging around in his mind among his treasures, and finally he said, "You know what?" And then, pink even under his permanent burn, he mumbled, "I'd like to give you something I've got . . . 'Skuse me, please.'" Earnest in confusion, he got up from his place at the table, went around to the head, and had a low conversation with his father.

"Why, yes . . . Son . . . but . . ." His father weighed the matter dubiously. "Well, maybe next time . . ."

He whispered some more persuasion, and his father said, "She'll be coming again. This time she really came to see *us*."

"That's what I mean," Christopher



# The Mountain IN THE BOY

By Margaret Lee Runbeck

said. "How can she see us, without seeing the mountain?"

I said, "If I have any vote in this . . ."

The father smiled. "Christopher's got it into his head that you ought to be taken up into the mountains."

The boy stood on one foot and scratched, for sincerity seems to itch, in a twelve-year-old.

"It's not very far away," he said urgently. "Except up. It's a long ways up. It's kind of on a shelf like."

"There's nothing I like like a shelf like," I said.

"You do?" he cried, thrusting toward me his whole heart now, with no holding back. "Well, what're we waitin' for?"

His mother at the other end of the table, looked demure but firm. "We're waiting for our dessert," she said gently. "After all, I spent half the morning making it." (You could see she, too, had some pride in her own mountains, which turned out to be Baked Alaska, looking like snow-peaks and tasting like summer . . . baked meringue outside and ice cream inside! How do cooks contrive such culinary contradiction in one masterpiece? One of you please write and tell me.)

So, after we had climbed the Baked Alaska, we climbed the mountain. We had had a nodding acquaintance with it,

of course, as we arrived. For a mountain in the neighborhood is something you can't quite overlook. Especially such a mountain as this, holding an orange grove in its lap. Orange groves to me are incredible things you have to see and still can't believe, with flowers blooming on the same twig which is bent with fruit. They refute all maxims and morals, those impetuous trees, crumpling a whole year of growth, and flinging it lavishly into a single moment. Past, present and future of a year in one visible synopsis of sight!

I climb a mountain silently, having important work to do with my breath, but Christopher talked even faster than he climbed.

"Close your eyes and smell the lemon blossoms," he said, closing his own eyes and, noisy as a vacuum cleaner, taking in a swig of air. "Smells like an angel's top bureau-drawer." He grinned at me so I'd see he knew angels don't have bureau drawers.

"You hafta walk up a mountain fast," he said encouragingly when I lagged, sniffing. "If you dawdle you get the notion you're tired." So we went fast. There were other things to smell besides the angels' sachets—wild lilac, and the silvery pungent sage, and the heavy





*And then at last we came to the shelf itself, protruding like an eyebrow from the countenance of the mountain.*



leather leaves of mountain currant, which you press in your palm and remember delightedly for days afterward, wash and wash though you do.

"Look good at this tree here," he instructed me, "because when we get up on the shelf, we'll look down at it through my spy-glass, and you'll see it looks just like itself." His eyes sparkled at the adventure of that, and a reasonable person might have asked why go a long way up if you're going up only to look down through a spy-glass, and annihilate the distance. But a reasonable person has no business with a boy on a mountain on an afternoon in May. So I looked good.

As we went up higher we invaded another season of the year. Winter, which lives all the year round at the top of this peak, came rushing down to meet

us. But it wasn't as cold as we pretended it was. Christopher blew his hot breath on his knuckles, and flayed his arms like a postman in a blizzard. "You'd think it was December," he blustered. "Cold as everything up here."

And then at last we came to the shelf itself, protruding like an eyebrow from the countenance of the mountain, just wide enough for us to flatten ourselves on.

"Gosh," he breathed, "gets prettier every time I come up here."

"Yep," I said. "Places you love a lot have a way of getting prettier the more you know them."

"People do, too," he said shyly.

The valley, so familiar to him, was spread out before us thrillingly new, incredibly small, and yet so close you felt you could stoop over and pick it up in your hands, like a dropped scarf. On the

rim of the circle of our vision, everything was glimmering silk; in the middle distance the fabric became rough, nubby tweed with haystacks and hedges and market gardens woven into a sportsy rough plaid. The streets of the town three miles away were basting threads

*(Continued on page 58)*



# Incompleted TASK

EROY I want to repeat—your condition is no cause for alarm . . . if you take it in hand now. But I would recommend a change in climate, immediately. Preferably one of the higher, drier Western states.”

“Where all the ‘lungers’ go.” Leroy Mallinson, principal of the Junior High School of Cedar Bluff, Wisconsin, twisted his face in a rueful attempt at a smile. “Well, thanks a lot, Doc. You’ve been awfully good to give me this early evening appointment and I certainly appreciate it.”

He arose, picked up his hat and then turned back again.

“Coming to the Commencement exercises at the First Church this evening? Begin at eight o’clock. It’s a bit of an innovation to transfer them from the school auditorium to the First Church, but young Joe Harlow has to have a pipe organ to do his stuff, and it was easier to move Joe and all the rest of his class than to move the pipe organ.”

The big, gray-haired physician smiled. There was a hint of bravado in Leroy’s whimsical words. He had taken it standing, just as he had taken everything since he had come to Cedar Bluff, ten years ago. That was the trouble—he had worked too hard and done too much. And now, at thirty-nine, long years of overwork and responsibility had caught up with him.

“Yes, I expect to be there.” Doctor Bullard raised his hand in a parting gesture. “Remember now. Take it as easy as you can the next few days, and then—clear out.”

Down in the street, Leroy paused. He stood a long moment at the curb, a tall, thin figure in the ruddy light of the lowering June sun. His rimless glasses failed to hide the surprised, hurt look in his gray eyes. Ten years—and driven out by his own physical being, when all the

community respected and loved him. All but Max Whitcomb . . .

“Hello, Mr. Mallinson.”

Leroy looked down into a pair of earnest blue eyes, set in a thin, sharp-featured face. Fourteen-year-old Joe Harlow lived with his grandmother in a few rooms behind a tailor shop. Just the previous week, however, his grandmother had taken ill and she had been transferred to a hospital. Since then, Joe had gotten along as best he could. Leroy frowned. Joe was one of his responsibilities—in fact, just now he was his greatest one. An orphaned boy, living on the threadbare edge of poverty itself, had no business being so passionately fond of music. And—of all things—to love the grand and majestic harmonies of the pipe organ!

Joe had reported at Junior High last September. His transfer credits were good, and he had no trouble in keeping up with his studies. His record in music had included a special note from his teacher:

“He shows special aptitude in music, particularly piano. A musical education is certainly to be recommended for him, if it can be arranged.”

“If it can be arranged.” Leroy’s lips had twitched at the unconscious irony. Musical educations require money.

“Hello, Mr. Mallinson. Didn’t you hear me?”

“Oh.” Leroy hastily recalled his wandering thoughts. “Hello, Joe. All ready for tonight?”

Joe’s high cheekbones flamed with sudden color.

“I’m afraid,” he admitted candidly. “Afraid when I’m away from the organ. But the minute I sit down and begin to play I forget everything. You were so good to me, Mr. Mallinson—”

“Tut, tut! I’ve got to hustle along now. And you too. I’ll see you later.”

He hurried away, to escape the eager words of thanks. He had, quite accidentally, introduced Joe to the beauties of a pipe organ. After that, he had begged the church organist to give the boy a few lessons, with the privilege of practicing in the church. And the result was that the Cedar Bluff Junior High School commencement exercises were being held in the First Church so that the entire city could listen to Joe’s playing.

And now . . . Now he had to leave Joe and his music, and all the other dear and interesting activities of this place and his work, and start anew. True, he might defy Doctor Bullard and remain here; but would it be fair to Gertrude and Peggy? Gertrude had been such a true helpmate to him; and as for eleven-year-old Peggy?—No, a man had to provide for his own, and especially for those of his own house. It was a Scriptural command. He must retain his earning power to support them. Doctor Bullard had told him that if he rested during the summer he would be ready to take another engagement in the fall. But not here, in Cedar Bluff. Here, where he wanted to stay, where there were so many things he wanted to do, so many unfinished tasks—

He turned up the residential street toward his home. Every house, every familiar landmark seemed to speak to him. Max Whitcomb’s big white house on the corner, whose doors had always stood so wide to welcome him—until the terrible day last February when Max had said to him in a voice that trembled with new, implacable anger:

“You took my boy away from me. I had it all planned that he was to be a banker like me, and we could work together. And then he got into Junior High, and you encouraged him in his silly fancy to be a naturalist. He was



Max had said to him in a voice that trembled with new, implacable anger: "You took my boy away from me!"

*Illustrator* CARL SETTER



going to be a second John Muir. He didn't know any better than to climb Cedar Bluff when a blizzard was brewing, because he wanted to get a specimen of some lichen or moss or something or other. And now—"

Leroy's heart ached anew at the recollection of those sorrowful, anxious days. Jack Whitcomb had been such a lovable lad, so keenly interested in living. He had encouraged the boy in his delight in the things of nature; it had seemed the right thing to do, to prepare him for a more abundant life. And then the tragic day, when he had accompanied a frantic father in his search for the missing boy, while early darkness descended and blinding swirls of white eddied and billowed about them—

They had found Jack at last, lying in a fissure of the rock, near the foot of the bluff. In his fall, he had sustained a fracture of the leg. Later, pneumonia from exposure had developed; and some days later, Jack quietly left his family and friends and went to a new Country where, so Leroy liked to think, he could study the leaves of the Tree of Life and taste its twelve manner of fruit . . .

The joys and sorrows of his friends here in Cedar Bluff! And he and Gertrude had been so intimate with the Whitcombs, until this breach had come. To be sure, the two women still kept up a semblance of friendship, but between himself and Max the old camaraderie had vanished and a strange, cold estrangement had taken its place.

Gertrude was waiting for him, dressed for the evening in the navy chiffon that he always admired. He wouldn't tell her about his visit to Doctor Bullard now; somehow, he didn't want to dim the brightness in her eyes. There would be time enough for that, afterward.

"I laid out your clothes on the bed," she told him. "You'll just have time to eat a sandwich and then we will all go over to the church. I tried to think of everything for you."

Yes, Leroy told himself, Gertrude had always tried to help him. But she couldn't help him now. He had to meet this alone. He wondered if his face showed anything. He hoped not. He must go through this night cool, calm, cheerful. Ten years behind him here. Ten years ahead—what then?

The church was crowded. The evening was warm, and through the open windows floated a combined odor of roses

(Continued on page 45)



# We are saved by HOPE

"**W**E ARE saved by hope." So it was written nineteen centuries ago. When we hear a sweeping statement like that, many thoughts rise up to challenge it. Would it not be equally true to say, "We are deceived by hope?"

Hope has been likened to the rattle which Mother Nature gives to man, her fretful child, to still his crying while he cuts his teeth on the hard facts of reality. Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, put it even more boldly. He said Hope is the bait by which Nature gets her hook into the nose of man and thereby leads him towards her ends rather than his. It is hope that keeps the gambler at the gaming table while he dissipates his fortune expecting the lucky strike. It is hope which lures the criminal farther into the coils of crime in the futile belief that he can beat the racket. Hope leaves a trail of disappointments along the course of our lives. Who says "We are saved by hope?"

That is the point which commands our hearing. The man who declared this, was no starry-eyed youth whistling in the dark to keep up his courage. He was a veteran of life's hardest campaigns. When we look at him we feel as did the officer who about a year ago conferred the Order of the Purple Heart on the wounded soldiers who had been brought back from service overseas. When the officer came before these boys, lined up for the ceremony, some with broken bodies, some in wheel chairs, but all with a courageous smile, the officer did not wait to receive their salute. He saluted them. Likewise when we stand before Paul, for it was he who said "We are saved by hope," we feel like standing at salute, for he was a wearer of the Order of the Purple Heart in life's campaigns. He had been through peril, sword, and persecution. He bore the marks of wounds and chains. He at least deserves our attention when he says, "We are saved by hope."

Let us ask this seasoned campaigner two questions covering his assertion. First, what is this hope that saves us?

We can know at once, I think, that Paul's hope was not mere optimism. He was not by nature an optimist. Those who have read Sholem Asch's book, "The Apostle," will infer from that picture of Saint Paul that he did not nat-



## SERMON

urally look on the bright side of things. I can sympathize with Paul, for I am not by nature an optimist. But I roomed with one at college. Perhaps that is the reason I am not an optimist. He was so optimistic that he even thought the bed was made when it wasn't. It must be a very comforting thing to have a natural optimism. One catches the radiant spirit of Sir Thomas Lipton, the British yachtsman, in his statement, "I am the world's greatest optimist. I am proud of the distinction. There is something buoyant and healthy in being an optimist. \* \* \* I am always in good humor and good fettle." I often wish I were like that, but I am not. And neither was Paul.

Nor did Paul, when he said, "We are saved by hope," mean a mere seasonal hopefulness such as some persons have when all is going well. Some people's hope resemble the streams in Southern

California, that lovely region which I so like to visit. When I go to Los Angeles or Pasadena I am shown those river beds where I am told rushing streams flow at certain times of the year. It just happens that I visited California only when they were having "unusual weather;" and so I never saw those streams; but I am told that at times the arroyos are full of water. Well, Paul's hopefulness was not spasmodic, depending on favorable circumstances. It was something which kept going in season and out of season, when he abounded and when he was in want.

The saving hope of which Saint Paul spoke was drawn from deeper sources. And in this eighth chapter of his letter to the Romans he tells us whence his hope sprang. Let us follow this hope from its source.

By RALPH W. SOCKMAN



*Hope* of a better life was the inspiration and strength that carried the pioneer over the trackless plains. This strength produced giants like Lincoln to inspire men of lesser stature and give them hope.

It starts with the conviction that we are sons of God. Paul says: "As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

When we look at man, we see he is led by the spirit of something. Watch a man as he goes up the street. What keeps him moving? Is he following some object which he sees? No, he may not be noticing anything in his environment. Does he hear something which attracts him toward the place he is going or frightens him from the place he is leaving? No, a person can walk the noisy streets and not be conscious of the sounds around him. What then leads him on? The incentives which motivate him may not reside at all in his five physical senses. They may be love or hope or ambition or hate. And all these are incentives of the spirit.

appraise the meaning and emotions of songs sung by little children in the ears of a father? No, the songs of a man's children let loose something which many of us would give about all we possess to experience again.

Yes, man is led by the spirit of something. What he does cannot be explained on the basis of his physical senses. We are more than animals. We are strange beings who keep peering around the corner of yesterday to see whence we have come, and around the corner of tomorrow to see whither we are going. We are such stuff as dreams are made of. With our imaginations we can be building castles in Spain while we are laying bricks in St. Louis or Chicago. Our bodies are of the earth and to dust we return, but something there is in us which "Leaps life's narrow bars to claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven."

Observe the man further. He enters a house which he calls home. Now he is not content that his home should be a mere cave to shelter his body from the weather. He adorns its walls with pictures and objects of beauty. But what are paintings? Just canvas with some liquid colors brushed on by an artist with ideas of beauty. But what are ideas and genius? Things we cannot handle and see, but nevertheless real, so real that men will sometimes go without food to get them.

Watch the man a bit further. As he enters his home, a group of children flock around him. He joins them around the piano in singing some songs. But what are songs? Just wave pulsations in the air beating against the ear drum. Can we thus

We are spirits, and if we are willing, we are led by the spirit of God. Now Paul says that his hope springs from the fact that as many as are led by the spirit of God are the sons of God. We are not creatures led around by the Creator as a dog follows its master. A dog has some awareness of its master. It can sense many of its master's moods and desires. But the dog cannot enter into its master's thought and purpose, as can a son. We are not dogs but sons of God.

Then Paul goes on: "If children, then heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." That is the consummating joy of the relationship between father and son. The parent has the satisfaction of knowing that he can pass on his inheritance to his child, perhaps not much of property—but at least his name and traits and character. If we are heirs of God, we can enter into his continuous purposes. We have something awaiting us.

And not only are we heirs of God but we are joint heirs of Christ. Paul would have us think of Christ as our Elder Brother. I never had an older brother. I wish I might have had, for I think the relation between a lad and his big brother is one of the most human and interesting aspects of life. Think how a boy looks up to his older brother, how he copies the way he combs his hair, and ties his tie. The big brother sets the pace and style for his younger brother. So Christ does for us. He goes ahead of us to show us how big and rich and full life can be. He reveals the fulness of stature toward which we try to grow.

HERE WE ARE THEN, says Paul, sons of God, and therefore heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Such is the conviction from which Paul's hope springs.

Now if that be true, then says Paul, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." Paul could endure his hardship, his persecution and imprisonment, since he was convinced that his sufferings would be more than compensated by the glory which was to be. When I read this statement, I think of the feeling which swept over me about a year ago when I was spending a little time in the city of Washington. Our capital city symbolizes vividly the strain and tension of these times. One arrives at the station in the midst of crowds, he is stuffed into a taxicab along with too many others, he is driven to a hotel where too many are trying to get a room. It is a place of

(Continued on page 47)

*I*UST imagine paying \$2000 for a pair of shoes! That's what the Chinese have to pay . . . for one pair of leather shoes. That's what I heard the other day at the Missionary Meeting. Aunt Jane whispered to me, "Gracious me. I wouldn't be able to get a pair even *with* my number 2 and 3 stamps." It seems that the Chinese can't get any either; \$2000 is a lot of money in any man's language! Straw sandals are purchasable, if you have \$20 . . . but even that comes high, especially when straw sandals wear out in a few days. So most of the girls learn to make their own slippers. They glue layers of cloth together with a sort of starch, and if you were to go to China, that's the sort of footwear that you'd see everywhere.

It all goes to prove that where there's a will, there's a way! That's the theory our society worked on too . . . and you'll pardon my bringing this up, but I am pretty proud of that big sewing project that we've been doing in our Missionary Society. Every year we send certain supplies to a hospital in India. One of the things on our list is special muslin sheets which have to be made to fit the cots. Ninety yards of material are needed . . . 90 yards of unbleached muslin. If you've tried to get some you know what a terrific job it is. But our women had the will and so they found a way. From the beginning of our work, last September, we've been going to the stores and getting a little at a time. Last week when our turn came to report on our work, we were happy to be able to say that we had reached our quota.

That meeting was the spring conference of the missionary societies of all the churches in our area. Usually we have a big luncheon, but with so many women, and food what it is today, we decided to make it a box luncheon affair. Each woman coming brought a box and put it in a pile and then they were mixed up so that no one got her own box. Somebody else's cooking always tastes better to me so I liked the idea fine! Well! Guess what was in my box? It was all arranged very attractively in paper containers with pretty paper napkins . . . there were two paper containers, one of potato salad, and one of baked beans, a buttered bun, a pickle, a hard-cooked egg and a piece of cake.

# Tea-Time CHAT



By MARTHA TODD

**Shoes at \$2000 a pair; missionary sewing projects; box-luncheon parties; backyard picnics; church clam bakes; outdoor party menus; salad dressing recipes; Aunt Mary's chocolate cake; garden parties; strawberry chiffon cake—these things Martha Todd chats about this month.**

Well, I never saw a bigger selection of starch in one lunch! A person of my age just has to watch a menu like that! And I was rather surprised that a woman, in this day and generation, when we are doing such a good job of balancing diets, would pack a lunch like that. Now I'm not holding myself up as an example, but I tried to keep in mind when I made up my box, that even at a church luncheon, variety, balance and color are important, so I put into *my* box the following foods: Stringbean Salad with Lettuce, Onions, French Dressing; Egg Salad Roll; Potato Chips; Radishes and Salt; Rhubarb Tart.

That Egg Salad Roll is a good trick to remember if you're having a picnic or have to make up several lunch boxes. Buy wiener rolls, cut off the ends, hollow out the insides and then fill the rolls with egg salad. Wrap in waxed paper and they are ready for the picnic basket or a luncheon plate, especially when you garnish them with a sprig of parsley sprouting from the end. Well, I hope the lady who got my box enjoyed it, if not the food at least the thought I put into it!

While we were eating our lunch, one lady started to bemoan the fact that we couldn't plan picnics and family outings, what with so little gasoline. "Well," says I, "why worry about a little thing

like that—no one can stop you from picnicking right in your own backyard. It's fun for the family, and it's certainly easier for you, and what's more you can do it more often." And I certainly am not alone in that feeling. I have been watching my neighbors building fireplaces in their gardens for outdoor cooking and eating . . . it sure is the rage right now. Why is it, that when you are eating, no matter how good the food is, the talk somehow goes to other foods you have had. So, we found ourselves talking about out-of-door meals, from clam bakes right down to weinie roasts.

Incidentally, there's an idea, in case you never thought of it . . . has your church ever had a clam bake? The Methodist church in our town does, and I tell you, we'd never miss it! Try it sometime, all clam lovers will welcome it as a wonderful change, and those who aren't clam lovers will enjoy all the other foods that you serve with it . . . chicken, corn, and all the rest!

One of the younger married women in the church was sitting next to me and she started to tell us about an outdoor party which the young married couple's club was planning. She asked us what we thought would be a good menu, and we all started to give her suggestions. Finally we settled on the following:

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Hamburgers on Roll with Barbecue Sauce

Tossed Salad (tomatoes, celery, onions, chicory, watercress, lettuce with French Dressing)

Devilled Eggs Dill Pickles  
Aunt Mary's Chocolate Cake  
Coffee Root Beer

It was unanimously agreed that Aunt Mary ought to give her the recipe for that Chocolate Cake, and sure enough, Aunt Mary did, which is really something, because she is always so careful about giving away her prize recipes. She even said I could pass it along to you . . . it has bananas in it and I can tell you it's sure something to try. You will find it elsewhere on this page.

To get back to the advice we gave our young friend—the subject of a salad dressing came up, and then all the tongues did wag. If Betty Jean hasn't a good memory, that dressing is going to have everything in it but the kitchen sink. Since summer time and salad time are practically the same thing, I jotted down some of the ingredients and you can add them to your files.

#### BASIC DRESSING

|                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| 1/4 teaspoon salt    | 1 teaspoon sugar  |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper  | 3/4 cup salad oil |
| 1/4 teaspoon mustard | 1/4 cup vinegar   |
| 1/4 teaspoon paprika |                   |

And then there are the variations:

#### ROSY DRESSING

|                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Basic dressing            | 1 tablespoon chopped |
| 3 tablespoons catsup      | green pepper         |
| 1 tablespoon grated onion |                      |

This is a good dressing for fish salad.

#### SPICY DRESSING

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Basic dressing        | 1/2 teasp. Worcester- |
| 2 teasp. grated onion | shire sauce           |
| dash of cayenne       |                       |

Good for a raw vegetable salad . . . cabbage, grated carrots, sliced radishes.

#### CHIFFONADE DRESSING

|                       |                         |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Basic dressing        | 2 tablesp. chopped      |
| 1 chopped hard-cooked | beets                   |
| egg                   | 3 tablesp. green pepper |

Good for vegetable, fish, meat or green salad.

Don't let this picnic season go by without making the most of it. There are too many long winter months to stay indoors. Summertime is out-of-door time for everything, especially eating. If you haven't the facilities to cook out-of-doors . . . cook indoors and serve everything on a tray, let each member of the family carry his tray out with him. Put everything on the tray, beverage, dessert included . . . that'll save you lots of steps and you'll be able to enjoy the blue skies and shady tree too.

I got a notice the other day of a garden party that is being held at the Presbyterian Church, and I'm not going to let that go by because it is such a nice

affair. It's one of their traditional affairs, and it's a capital idea for our Exchange . . . you haven't forgotten that you're going to send in ideas, have you? The Ladies' Aid runs this garden party to pay for the spring painting. It takes the form of a covered-dish supper. Each lady is scheduled to bring a certain kind of food, whether or not she is coming. Everything is cold, no attempt is made to serve anything hot except coffee. The dessert is always the same, ice cream and strawberries . . . these with rolls and coffee are the only things which are purchased. Every one pays for his supper and they raise a tidy little sum. I always look forward to this garden party, it's such a pretty affair . . . the tables are set on the church lawn. Lace doilies are the place-settings, and each table has its own arrangement of garden flowers . . . it looks lovely enough for a king's banquet. Strawberries remind me of a recipe I dug up the other day. I think you would like to try it:

#### STRAWBERRY CHIFFON CAKE

|                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 envelope plain gelatin | 2 teaspoons lemon       |
| 1/4 cup cold water       | juice                   |
| 1/4 cup hot water        | 1/4 teaspoon salt       |
| 1 cup sugar              | 2 egg whites            |
| 1 cup sliced straw-      | 1/4 cup cream or evapo- |
| berries                  | rated milk, whipped     |

Bake one half of a sponge-cake recipe. Invert to cool. When cake is cold, pour the strawberry gelatin layer on the cake in the pan. And here is how you make the gelatin: add 3/4 cup sugar to the berries and let stand 10 minutes. Soften the gelatin, dissolve in hot water. Add dissolved gelatin, lemon juice and salt to berries and stir well. Cool. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in egg whites beaten stiff, to which the remaining cup of sugar has been added. Add whipped cream or evaporated milk (chill thoroughly before whipping). Pour on the cake and chill . . . when gelatin is firm, remove from sides of pan. If you can get cream for whipping, frost with whipped cream. This is an excellent recipe for stretching strawberries.

## AUNT MARY'S CHOCOLATE CAKE

### Recipe



|                      |                         |                        |
|----------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1/2 cup margarine    | 1/2 cup evaporated milk | 1/2 teaspoon salt      |
| 1 cup sugar          | 1/2 cup water           | 2 1/2 teaspoons baking |
| 1 cup sliced bananas | 3 eggs                  | powder                 |
| 1/2 teaspoon vanilla | 2 1/2 cups sifted flour | 3 tablespoons cocoa    |

Cream the margarine, add sugar and cream together until very light. Beat in bananas and vanilla. Then beat in eggs one at a time and then you are ready for the dry ingredients. Sift them together, add alternately with the liquid (evaporated milk plus water). Now bake the cake in two 9-inch layer-cake pans in a moderate oven. Aunt Mary is still the best thermometer I know. She uses the old "stick your hand in the oven" method, but I know that I can't bake a successful cake that way, so you'd better have 375 degrees in your oven and bake the cake for 20 minutes. Then ice it with:

#### CHOCOLATE ICING

|                 |               |                    |
|-----------------|---------------|--------------------|
| 2 cups sugar    | 1/2 cup cocoa | 1 cup milk         |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 egg         | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Beat egg and milk together, add to the sugar, salt and cocoa. Cook all these until they reach the softball stage. Cool and beat until the right consistency to spread and then add the vanilla and spread on the cake.



# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL

JUNE 1945

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

JUNE  
1

A REFUGE OF LIES  
ISAIAH 28:14-17

"THE hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies." Certainly. In fact such a refuge has a way of falling down of itself. The other day a lovely neighbor of mine dropped an iron on her foot. But denying the reality of pain, she did nothing about it. She found, however, that while her remedy was a real cure for an imaginary wound, it was only an imaginary cure for one that was real. Thus she ended by calling a physician. We, too, are wounded in a far sorer fashion. Our one hope, therefore, is in the Great Physician. To turn elsewhere is to trust in a refuge of lies.

*We thank Thee, our Father, that every one of us may sing with the Psalmist, "I will say of the Lord He is my refuge."*

JUNE  
2

A FRUIT OF FAITH  
ISAIAH 28:16-28  
(Goodspeed-Smith)

"HE WHO believes shall not be worried." This will be the case regardless of circumstances. Just as anything can worry the man whose faith has failed, even so nothing can worry him whose faith holds firm. Faith and fear simply cannot live in the same heart at the same time. As another puts it, "Fear knocked at the door, Faith went to answer and found nobody there." If, therefore, you are tortured by fear your remedy is not to seek to conquer your fear by force. Instead fix your faith in God and your fears will vanish like mist before the sunrise.

*Help us, Lord, so to trust that we shall not be afraid. Amen.*

JUNE  
3

SMOOTH THINGS  
ISAIAH 30:1-11

"SPEAK unto us smooth things." These people liked smooth, complimentary things said to them. So do we. Everybody likes to be complimented. Since that is the case, everybody ought to be eager to commend. Those whose eyes sparkle at the very thought of resorting

to the surgeon's knife are apt to be harsh and hard. But there are times when we thank our physician for telling us the truth about ourselves even though that truth be tragic as pain and death. There are times, too, if we are sane, when we welcome even unpleasant truth from the lips of those seeking our spiritual health.

*Grant us, Lord, to rebuke with tenderness, and to be rebuked without resentment. Amen.*

JUNE  
4

GUIDANCE  
ISAIAH 30:18-26

"THINE ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, this is the way." Divine guidance is a fact of experience. There is surely a Kindly Light that leads those who are willing to be led. God guides in many ways. Sometimes He guides by an inner voice, sometimes by His word or by the advice of a saintly friend. At other times He seems to guide by opening a door for us or by closing one. Not all who experience guidance are conscious of it at the time. But often as these look back they are humbled and gladdened by the conviction that God has led.

*Help us, Father, to acknowledge Thee in all our ways that Thou mayest direct our path. Amen.*

JUNE  
5

MEN WHO GIVE LIFE  
ISAIAH 32:1-8

"A MAN shall be . . . as rivers of water in a dry place." What a beautiful vocation! Not all men are like that. There are some who by their very presence seem to wither and blight the fresh flowers of the heart. But there are others, thank God, who have the opposite effect. These break the drought of the heart and set its fields to flowering. How can we claim this vocation as our own? We learn the answer from the lips of Jesus: "If any man thirst let him come to Me and drink. He that believeth on Me . . . out of his inner life shall flow rivers of living water."

*Help us, our Father, to receive from Thee that we may have something to give to others. Amen.*

JUNE  
6

MEN WHO SHELTER  
ISAIAH 32:1-14

"A MAN shall be as . . . the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." This is a desert scene. As far as the eye can see is only an empty waste of sand. No, yonder is a caravan, a desperate caravan whose water supply is exhausted. From out the hot and copper sky a bloody sun is wounding men and camels with arrows of fire. Hope is almost gone. Then this oasis, this great rock with its healing shadow where tired and tortured men find refreshment and rest. A man shall be like that, sings the poet. What man? The man Christ Jesus, for one. But this privilege is not for Him only, but for all who by surrender become like Him.

*Lord Jesus, grant us so to share Thy nature that we, too, may be in some measure as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Amen.*

JUNE  
7

THE SURE ROAD TO PEACE  
ISAIAH 32:15-20  
(Goodspeed-Smith)

"THE effect of righteousness will be peace." Righteousness and peace are related as cause and effect. Peace is the goal, righteousness the road that leads to it. Therefore to seek the goal while ignoring the road is sheer futility. This is true both for the individual and for the world. "There is no peace . . . to the wicked," is eternally true. Here is a man at war with himself. How can he find peace? He can find it not by seeking it as an end, but by getting right within, right with God. Having done this, peace will follow as naturally as day follows night.

*Grant us the wisdom, our Father, to seek first Thy Kingdom and righteousness. Amen.*

JUNE  
8

THE LIFTED VOICE  
ISAIAH 40:1-11

"LIFT up thy voice with strength." That means something far finer than to yell. A loud voice is not necessarily a

# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR



strong voice. In fact, loudness is often a smokescreen behind which we seek to hide our weakness and cowardice, or if we are ministers, our lack of preparation. It is often easier to shriek than to think. To lift the voice with strength is to speak with conviction, a conviction born of a vital experience. When the people were not able to resist the spirit and the wisdom with which Stephen spoke, he was lifting up his voice with strength.

*Father, grant us so to live with Thee that our voices will have convincing powers. Amen.*

JUNE  
9

INSTRUCTING GOD  
ISAIAH 40:12-19  
(Moffatt)

"WHOEVER was called in to give Him counsel." Well, nobody was really invited, but quite a few have volunteered. Some of these talk as if some lesser god had made the world and had messed it up. But often we are best at instructing God in our own formal prayers. At an hour of national crisis recently, a brother proposing to lead in prayer gave all his time to telling the Lord how wonderful we Americans are and what He ought to do about it. There was no hint of humility, no hint of "nevertheless not my will but Thine be done." Such counseling is not prayer.

*Father, save us from the deadly sin of self-sufficiency. Amen.*

JUNE  
10

BUYING RESPECTABILITY  
ISAIAH 32:5-15

"THE vile person shall no more be called liberal." Well, that is some gain. In a certain Texas city, a liquor firm recently sent three handsome checks to three denominational institutions, a Baptist, a Methodist, and another. The last accepted with thanks. The Baptist and Methodist returned their checks with thanks. They thus refused to bolster the respectability of a traffic which is at once a parasite and an enemy to every value for which the Church stands.

*Save us, Lord, from calling the vile liberal, even for a price. Amen.*

JUNE  
11

CONSTANT RENEWAL  
ISAIAH 40:25-31

"THEY that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Life is a taxing business. The years build us up only to tear us down. The strongest of us soon grow tired. But there is a way of renewal. I am thinking of a small basin that hands long since dust, once carved in the face of a solid rock. That basin, though so helpless, is always overflowing

with refreshingly cold water. This is the case because its supply is constantly being renewed from a spring hidden within the hills. You and I are that basin, God the unfailing Spring. As we wait upon Him we renew our strength.

*Father, we thank Thee for the renewal that comes from waiting upon Thee. Amen.*

JUNE  
12

THE NEW AND OLD  
ISAIAH 43:10-19

"REMEMBER ye not . . . the things of old. Behold I will do a new thing." Of course we are not to forget the past altogether. Let us thank God for those radiant yesterdays in which we can stroll now and then as in a garden. But while we are not completely to forget the past, we are certainly not to think of it so constantly that we shall seek to move in and live there. I am thinking of one now whose religious experience is largely a memory. Blessed is the man who has new and authentic tidings of what God is doing for him in the here and now. It is not what Christ was to us yesterday that supremely matters, but what He is today.

*Help us to realize, O Lord, that Thy mercies are new every morning. Amen.*

JUNE  
13

STRIVING WITH GOD  
ISAIAH 45:1-10

"WOE unto him that striveth with his Maker." How does this strife come about? It comes through our refusal to do the will of God. He constantly seeks to give us His wealth, but we cling to our own want. He seeks to share with us His beauty, but we prefer our own ugliness. Why is the sea so restless? It is being played upon by two worlds. When it would rest in the muddy arms of earth, the heights call to it. When it would respond to this upward call, the earth says, "Stay with me." We are like that troubled sea till we find rest by surrender to God.

*We thank Thee, Lord, for a love that will never let us go and will never let us off. Amen.*

JUNE  
14

BE YE SAVED  
ISAIAH 45:20-25

"BE YE saved." Salvation, that is something for which everybody at his best deeply longs. How can we be saved? We cannot do so by looking to ourselves. Even when we seek to pray and fix our attention on ourselves rather than on God, we receive more harm than help. We cannot be saved by looking to the church or to the Bible. As another has

hinted, the Bible is like a telescope in that it is not simply to be looked at, but through. "These are they which testify of me." We find salvation when in utter humility we look to our Lord and to Him alone. None other can save us.

*Give us, O Lord, to look to Thee today and all the days for salvation. Amen.*

JUNE  
15

AS A RIVER  
ISAIAH 48:12-18

"THEN had thy peace been as a river." It was my privilege to grow up on the banks of one of the most beautiful streams that ever sang its silvery way to the sea. At times this stream received such abundant supplies of water that it overflowed its banks. At other times its supply was so small that it became a baby in comparison with its former self. But never did it go dry. In fact the more parching the drouth the more beautiful it became. To those who live within the Will of God there is a peace as unfailing as this river.

*Help us, Lord, so to live with Thee that our peace may be as a river. Amen.*

JUNE  
16

A WORD TO THE WEARY  
ISAIAH 50:4-9

"A WORD . . . to him that is weary." Of all the benefactors we meet along the way, few are so helpful as those who know how to speak to the weary. There are so many weary folks. They are on every street, by every wayside, in almost every home. How did this prophet acquire his skill? He tells us that God had taught him. How? In all probability by girding him to face his own heartache. At least, it is generally true that those who help us most, when our desperate hour is upon us, are those battered souls whose own great needs have driven them to God.

*Give us, Father, so to listen to Thee that we too shall have a word for the weary. Amen.*

JUNE  
17

FATHER'S DAY  
PSALM 103: 1-13

"LIKE as a father . . . so the Lord." No, this is not a mistranslation. It really does say, not like as a mother, but like as a father. I insist on this because the reputation of the modern father has fallen upon evil days. While mother's name is a signal for handkerchiefs, his is too often a signal for howls. This, to say the least, is unfortunate. Of course many fathers are failures, even as some mothers. But there are fathers still in whose hearts God can find a love and





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pity akin to His own. In so saying I am not seeking to dim the golden crown that mother wears, I am only asking for a little silver crown for Dad.

*Lord, we thank Thee for a father whose devotion helped us to believe in Thee.*

JUNE  
18

HAVING MY WAY  
ISAIAH 53:1-6

"WE HAVE turned every one to his own way." That is the worst possible indictment. Self-will is the fountain from which every sin flows, the most shameful as well as the most respectable. The Prodigal Son made self-will the law of his life and landed in a pig pen. His brother, governed by the same law, remained decently at home. One man may make self-pleasing the law of his life and end in the gutter. Another may obey the same law and end on the platform of a popular pulpit. It is not the differing goals that count, but the common motive that lies back of the goals.

*Father, help us to pray from our hearts—not my will, but Thine be done.*

JUNE  
19

A SANE QUESTION  
ISAIAH 55:1-5

"WHEREFORE do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" A friend of mine told me that each loaf of bread served him while in a German prison camp was 25% sawdust. But this prophet saw multitudes spending their all for loaves that had no food value at all. Every man is hungry for the bread of life. That goes for the sinners as well as for the saints. The big difference between them is that the saints know what they want while the sinners know only that they are hungering for something that they have not found.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou dost satisfy the longing soul. Amen.*

JUNE  
20

THE SINGING HILLS  
ISAIAH 55:6-13

"THE hills shall break forth . . . into singing." The joy of these returning exiles is so great that all nature seems to rejoice with them. The very hills burst into song and the trees clap their hands in gladness. But the trees did not clap their hands for Hester Prynne in Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." Instead their very leaves seemed to this wretched woman to be whispering her dark secret among themselves. Truly nature so takes on our mood that we make from within us the world we see. To have a glad heart is to see a glad world.

*Grant us so to sing in our own souls, our Father, that we may hear some bit of music from Thy world.*

JUNE  
21

HIDEOUSLY RELIGIOUS  
ISAIAH 58:1-7  
(Moffatt)

"FASTING makes you fretful." Its purpose was quite the opposite. It was intended as an aid to worship. It ought therefore, to have made them more winsome and agreeable. Instead it only served to increase their ugliness. Sad to say this is not altogether unique. All of us have known a few religious people who were horribly religious. The Pharisee of whom Jesus spoke was such a man. He went to church, tithed and said prayers. But all these means of grace left him hard and cold. How tragic! Perhaps the greatest grief of our Lord is not the wickedness of the wicked but the ugliness of a certain kind of saint.

*In humility, O Lord, we pray that Thy beauty may rest upon us as the sunshine rests upon the hills. Amen.*

JUNE  
22

A WATERED GARDEN  
ISAIAH 58:8-12

"THOU shalt be like a watered garden." How beautifully suggestive! Some are just the opposite of that. Esau, for instance. He was a profane man. That is, his life had no fence around it. Nothing sacred was fenced in. Nothing vicious was shut out. Therefore, his soul was not a garden but a common. Any cloven-footed devil could romp across it at will. But if we are to be gardens, we must fence out the worst that we may fence in the best. Such gardens are so well watered and kept that they abound in fruit and flowers, in usefulness and beauty.

*Grant us, O Lord, the beauty of usefulness and the usefulness of beauty.*

JUNE  
23

GLEAMS OR GLOOM  
ISAIAH 59:1-10  
(Moffatt)

"WE LOOK for gleams and walk in gloom." This is true of a vast multitude. All of us are looking in some fashion for gleams. We are all eager for something that will touch life with radiance. But so many are disappointed in the quest. Eagerly searching for gleams we yet walk in gloom. Why so? It is not because there are no gleams for us. Radiant joy is within reach of all of us. How then can we arrive? Not by seeking joy as an end, but by seeking and finding Him who is its source. To find God is surely to have our gloom changed to gleams.

*Grant us this day, our Father, to walk in the Light because we walk with Thee.*

JUNE  
24

WHEN GOD IS DEAF  
ISAIAH 59:1-10

"HE WILL not hear." God is never deaf to our prayers because we have sinned, but because we refuse to give up our sin. Had the Prodigal Son knelt among the hogs and prayed to be taken home, his prayer would have been futile. But when he turned his steps home and prayed, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," his father answered his prayer far better than the son prayed it. God woos us in the far country, but He can feed us and have fellowship with us only when we come home.

*Grant us, our Father, so to obey Thee that we may have power in prayer.*

JUNE  
25

GOD'S GARMENTS  
ISAIAH 59:11-20

"HE PUT on." The prophet here pictures God as dressing Himself in a fashion befitting His task. He puts on zeal. He is a God who is deeply in earnest. He also puts on might. He is not only eager to put through the task to which He sets His hand, but His power is adequate to that task. The third garment in which God seems to array Himself is vengeance. Finally, God clothes Himself with victory. Men and nations may delay the fulfillment of His purpose, but they cannot defeat that purpose.

*Gird us, Lord, day by day with a faith that the final victory is not with man's wrong but with Thy right. Amen.*

JUNE  
26

INTERCESSORS  
ISAIAH 59:16-21

"AND he . . . wondered that there was no intercession." It is amazing how little the average Christian makes of the privilege of intercessory prayer. A few days after a service of unusual power in my church, I had a letter from a friend in a distant city that read, "You have been much in my prayers recently and I have reason to believe that God will soon bless your work beyond the ordinary." Prayer can and does release the power of God upon a definite person or situation. It is amazing, therefore, that there are so few intercessors.

*Help us, Lord, to let our prayers rise like a fountain day and night both for ourselves and those that call us friend. Amen.*

JUNE  
27

PRAISE FOR PLAINTIVENESS  
ISAIAH 61:1-4  
(Moffatt)

"PRAISE for plaintiveness." That is an exchange that anybody ought to be will-



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ing to make. We all know people who are plaintive in tone and plaintive in what they say. Their normal voice is a whine. So long have they schooled themselves in complaining that they both talk and look a bit like a pain. Such plaintiveness is a wicked habit. It is not so much a misfortune as it is an ugly sin. Those thus guilty can change their plaintiveness to praise if they are willing to repent. What a blessing that would be both for those who whine and those who have to live with them.

*Save us, Lord, from the ugliness of complaining. Instead may our lips and our lives be beautiful with praise. Amen.*

**JUNE 28 TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS**  
ISAIAH 61:3-11

"THEY shall be called trees of righteousness." "Sturdy oaks of goodness," is Moffatt's translation. I like that word. The prophet is telling us what God can do with ordinary folks like ourselves. He can make us like trees planted by the Lord. "Planted," that means there is a divine purpose in our being where we are. "Here a sturdy oak is needed," God said, so He put you there.

*We thank Thee, O Father, that the weakest of us may be like a sturdy oak planted by the Lord. Amen.*

**JUNE 29 PRICELESS PAIN**  
ISAIAH 63:7-14

"WHERE is He?" For whom are these people seeking? They are seeking for God. They are crying out for Him for whom every heart really longs. When did they ask this pressing question? They did not ask it in days of sunshine but in days of shadow. This question was born of pain, the pain of an empty present, the pain also of memories that blessed and burned.

*Grant, O Lord, that we may turn to Thee wooed by Thy beauty, but if this wisdom is not granted us, may our need drive us into Thy everlasting arms. Amen.*

**JUNE 30 GOD'S READINESS**  
ISAIAH 66:1-6  
(Moffatt)

"READY was I to answer men who never asked me." Here is God all eagerness to hear their prayers as He is to hear ours. So what? For multitudes just nothing at all. Why? Because they, as we, refuse to pray. This is God's constant heartache. He is ever ready to forgive, but so often we refuse to accept His forgiveness. Thus do we disappoint our Lord.

*Help us, our Father, in the realization of Thy infinite eagerness to give, to be humble enough to receive. Amen.*

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver



JUNE  
3rd

FROM MALACHI TO  
JESUS

MALACHI 3:1-3, 16-17; LUKE 1:68,  
72, 77-78; GALATIANS 4:4-5

CRITICS are not popular. The prophets of the Old Testament were critics. They compelled kings and priests and people to see themselves as God saw them. The minor prophets are minor only in the length of their prophecies. They played their varied parts in the life of Israel and altogether played a major role in forecasting the character of the Messiah to come. Malachi is the last of the twelve. Long before I understood the mission and message of the twelve, I learned their names, shouting them in unison with the rest of my Sunday-School class, like a college yell. Later I found beauty, pathos, drama, courage, comfort and confidence for the future in all of them.

Reading them through one can follow the progress of warnings of judgment (realized in the captivities); pleas for reformation; catastrophes that seemed to doom God's people to destruction; return from captivity to rebuild Jerusalem and the temple; encouragement for this mighty task; and finally in the last prophecy, severe criticisms of the religion and life of the repatriated people. This last prophet turns from his criticisms for a moment in our lesson, to look to the future. Captivity produced one reform, the end of idolatry as a national vice. But in its place were formalism, racial pride, and spiritual deadness. If there was hope for Israel it was in the coming of the Messiah. Malachi does what he can to prepare his people for that far-off divine event. He must be content if even a small body of the faithful, a remnant, keeps alive this hope.

Now a great leap over the centuries to our second Scripture reading to hear Zacharias singing a hymn of thanksgiving and prophecy over the birth of his son, John. For John was in the same line of prophecy as Malachi and the rest of the Old Testament prophets. No longer is the promise of the Messiah a long range expectation. John is his immediate herald and soon he is to introduce Jesus as the fulfillment of God's promise to Israel. Here at last is redemption, for Jesus will be the forgiver of sins and the builder of a new and more glorious kingdom.

AGAIN OUR SCRIPTURE moves on. This time to Paul who wrote to the church in Galatia of Jesus as "sent forth" by God, "when the fulness of time came." There was no doubt in his heart that Jesus was the very center toward which all the history of his people pointed. There was nothing accidental about Jesus to Paul or to any of the early Christian leaders. They read Him into all the ceremonies and symbols of the worship of Israel. They found Him in the laws, the covenants, the psalms, and the prophecies of the past. They had a philosophy of history, the key to which was the preparation of a nation for the birth of Christ. We too can see how timely was His birth. Added to the preparation of Israel the world was also prepared. The Greek language was so universal that Paul could write his letter to the Romans in Greek. One nation governed the known world and made communication and travel possible everywhere for the proclamation of the Gospel. There were increasing numbers, within Israel and among the nations who were dissatisfied with their religions, hungering after the knowledge of God and ready for a faith that would give them certainty of life eternal. Indeed it was the fulness of time.

Yet Christ seemed to have come too soon. Bishop Oxnham has called attention to Maxwell Anderson's tragic play, "Wingless Victory." A sea captain brings his wife, a Malay princess, to Salem, Massachusetts and tries to have her accepted among his neighbors. She was a Christian but with her two children, she faced the brutal racial prejudices so common in 1800, and still rampant in 1945. When she finally gives up, renounces Christ, and dies, it is with this cry on her lips: "He came too soon, this Christ!" So it might seem as we look at Calvary. Not so! He came in the fulness of time. In whatever age He come, sinners would build Him a cross.

## Questions:

Who were the Maccabees? Why did not their success in freeing Israel last?

How do you find Jesus foreshadowed in the religious rites of Israel? How in Isaiah 53?

What false ideas of the character of their Messiah made it impossible for most of the Jews to recognize Jesus as the Christ?



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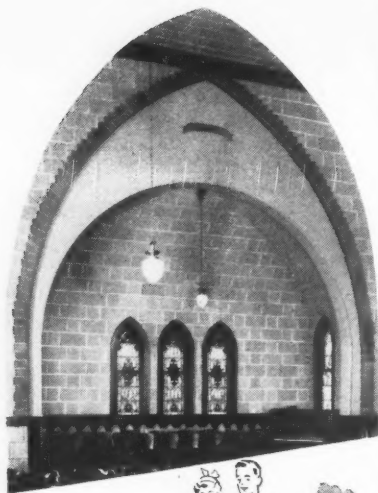
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JUNE  
10th

## CHRIST PROCLAIMS THE GOOD NEWS

MARK 1:14-15; LUKE 4:16-21;  
MARK 8: 27, 29, 31

"THE time is fulfilled," so Jesus echoes the assurance of our last lesson. John, His herald, was in prison because of his daring exposé of Herod's sin. Opposition was rising in Judea. There was no welcome among the proud self-satisfied Judeans for a kingdom of humility and love, a kingdom so limitless that it found a place for Samaritans and publicans and trash like that. So Jesus returned to Galilee and His home town. Perhaps the simpler, more genuine country folks among whom He had been brought up, would have welcome ears to hear Him.

There can be only one meaning to that scene in the Nazareth synagogue. Jesus returned a noted teacher. It was natural that He should be asked to read and speak upon the scriptures. But curiosity and expectation changed to horror and hate when He turned to Isaiah and chose a passage everyone recognized as Messianic, and dared to say "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." Jesus never drew back from claims of Messiahship. "Upon Me . . . anointed Me . . . sent Me," that which Isaiah forecast was now fulfilled in Him.

TIME HAS PROVED Christ's gospel. The world is still full of sin, but the advances toward keener consciences and better living are due to Him. In Sedgwick's "History of Ethics," four immediate victories of the early Church are listed. They were over infanticide, brutality in gladiatorial bouts, unrestrained slavery and the neglect of the needy. Even today the forces at work to secure victory over hate, racial and class pride, and beastly cruelty are the outgrowth of the gospel Christ preached and was.

Allan Hunter wrote a book titled, "White Corpuscles of Europe." The message is in the title. The white corpuscles in the blood fight against the poisons in the body. So Allan Hunter saw the men of good will working in Europe, silently and unseen, to conquer the virus of hatred and despair. Isaiah was writing of the end of the captivity of Judah. But the coming of Jesus marked the end of the captivity to evil forces within men's souls. Repentant and believing we may find more than release from the penalties of sin. *In Christ is release from the purpose to sin, power to realize the freedom of a child of God.*

"Whom do ye say that I am?" That is one question that we must answer. So often we would like to avoid the issue and tell what people say. So much of our religion is second-hand. It was interesting, of course, to know that some thought Jesus was the incarnation of one of the prophets. But it was Peter's own confession Jesus wanted. Did you ever

write down just what Jesus is to you? Your eternal destiny depends, not on what your pastor, or your teacher, or your mother thinks of Jesus Christ. Hear Him speak to you down the ages: "Whom do ye say that I am?"

Peter had the right answer: "Thou art the Christ." Lest there be any misunderstanding about the character of His Christhood, Jesus gave His disciples a foreglimpse of the Cross. And if they had understood Him better, how different would have been their reaction to the bitter events of Good Friday! And if they had really listened that day, they would have heard and treasured those last words: "and after three days, rise again." Confession of Christ is not enough. It is only a beginning. If He is the Christ, as we say, we must enroll among those who sit at His feet daily and learn of Him.

### Questions:

*Was there any doubt in the minds of the enemies of Jesus, or of His disciples, that He claimed to be the Messiah? How far did this claim enter into His crucifixion?*

*How did the gospel free God's mercy from the bonds of ritualistic observance and narrow nationalism? What part can the gospel play in the building of a just and lasting peace?*

JUNE  
17th

## LEADERS OF "THE WAY"

ACTS 5: 29-35, 38-40, 42

SHOCKING to the Jewish leaders was the discovery that you can crucify a man and he will not stay dead and that you can repress a movement but it will not stay repressed. That Cross on Calvary seemed so final to them and the seal of Caesar on the tomb of Joseph should have ended the Nazarene heresy. Too bad our present-day dictators did not read Acts. The very men who had deserted their Leader in fear and trembling, were now preaching and performing miracles in His Name. They just could not learn. No, dictators are the stupid ones who never learn that force is futile against men of conviction. When the story of Christian leadership in Germany and Japan and the occupied countries can be told, it will be a glorious story, a new Acts of the Apostles. Not one Niemoller or Berggrav, but thousands like them will be found declaring, "We must obey God rather than man."

Gamaliel understood. A great teacher, a man with a reputation, his name would be forgotten except for his student, Paul and for his advice to the Jewish council. "If . . . of men, it will come to nothing, if . . . of God, you cannot overthrow it." Good common sense, yet hard for prejudiced, proud men to practice. The council only partly ac-

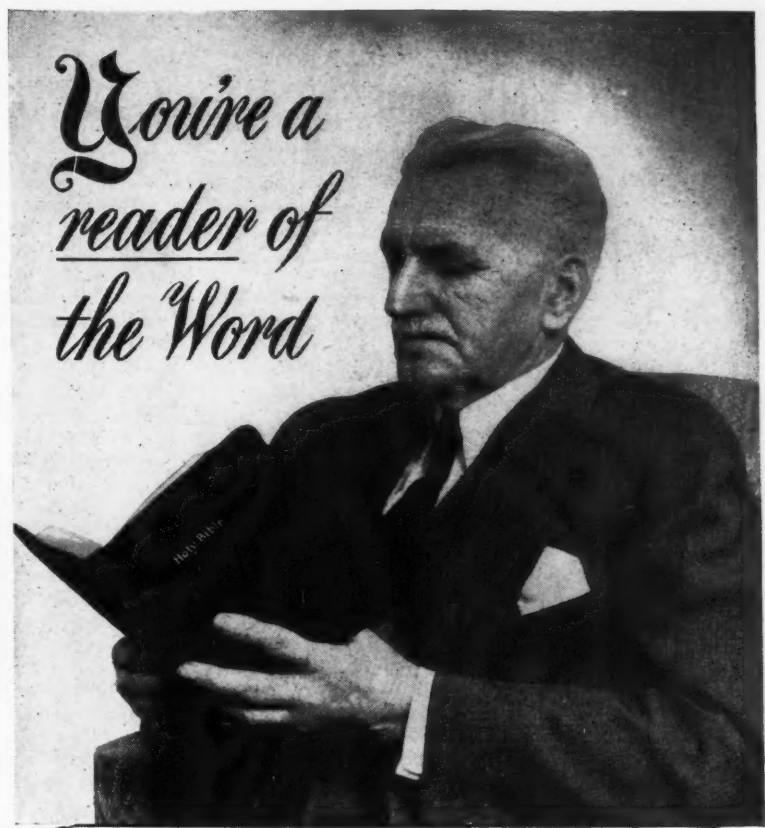
CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1945 • PAGE 40

cepted it and flogged the apostles first and then warned them and let them go. What a different world this would be if the rule of Gamaliel prevailed. Amazing it is that the Christian Church has so often tried persecution. Psychologists would tell us that men who persecute in the name of God or truth, are not basically sure of themselves, or of God, or of truth. Let us beware of prejudice in any form. Let us be certain of the futility of force in the face of conscience-led men.

BRAVE MEN led the early Church. Their bravery was a miracle of grace. Not long ago these very men were in a panic of fear and Peter himself had sworn with an oath that he never knew Jesus. After Pentecost Peter dared to preach Christ to His crucifiers and he and the rest of the apostles travel through the book of Acts as completely fearless as any heroes of fiction. Now they had convictions. They knew that Jesus was risen and ascended. They knew He was the Son of God. They knew that any price in suffering and death that they might have to pay would not be too high if they could win men to "The Way." Why, death itself would only mean that they could be with Him forever. Theirs was not the quick courage of desperation, *it was the studied courage of conviction.* If the Church of our age is not winning the multitude, it is because we have lost this conviction. Our certainty has been somehow dulled. No wonder these first-century Christians won the Roman empire, for the Romans respected the bravery they saw in the arena and at the whipping post. If there is a rebirth of Christianity in Europe after the war, it will be at least partly due to the demonstration of Christian bravery by men of conviction.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all." Does it? *Only* when it is disobeyed. Or shall we say that because men are cowards at heart they do not obey their consciences? Conscience is *your* standard of right and wrong. It is *your* duty to light it by the Light of the World. Then conscience can be fully trusted. Certainly it is the *best* guide you have. To live by it is to be brave. After flogging and warning and release, the apostles were found witnessing again to Jesus. Glorious faith! Conscience based on unreserved faith in the Lord would make heroes of us all.

Questions:  
*The Jews thought of themselves as a religious nation and the Messiah as their coming king. Jesus founded a religious brotherhood to which the promises to Abraham applied. Discuss in the light of Galatians 3:29.*  
*Is witnessing to Christ incidental or central in the Christian life? How can*



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JUNE 24th

TRUSTEES OF THE PROMISES

1 TIMOTHY 6:11-16; 1 PETER 4:12-16

LIFE and lip must be full partners in witness to Christ. This new Church grew in a pagan world because conduct matched creed. Those who might not be caught for Christ by the preaching of the apostles could not overlook the consistency and courage of the preachers. Paul wrote Timothy at the very time that martyrdom is at hand for him and his great plea was: "Keep your commission free from stain" (Moffatt).

In my first pastorate a farmer of fine reputation attended services, but would not join the church. Only after much persistent probing did he tell me of a business deal with one of my leading members, one specially gifted in public prayer. It was a shady deal, and for that man it shaded the whole church. When men can say of our churches, "Behold how these Christians love one another," as the Romans said of the infant Church, the Kingdom will grow by leaps and bounds. Preacher, teacher, church leader, witness for Christ, "Keep your commission free from stain."

Life had worthy purpose for Paul. It was found in the purpose of his God. A trustee must recognize and accept the purpose of the "truster." God trusted men like Paul and Timothy to win the world for Christ. No other reward can be desired than to be found faithful, worthy of trust. These early Christians expected the early return of Christ. This intensified their loyalty for they loved Christ.

The whole family worked long and late to have the house clean and comfortable, for father was coming home on furlough. When he came into the door, he stood, feasting his eyes on every familiar thing, then, with a sob in his voice, said, "How good this looks to me." The family asked no other reward. If we really love our Lord we can ask no higher reward than His joy in our faithfulness.

"IN THE PRESENCE of God who is the Life of all, and of Christ Jesus" (Moffatt)—here is a key to Christian living. Not only the expectation of the return of Christ, but much more, the daily, hourly sense of His presence, sustained the spirit of the early Church. Devotion to the principles Christ taught was supported by devotion to the person of Christ. The worship of the church seeks to help the Christian realize the reality of God. This certainty that Christ lives makes prayer vital and life loyal to Him. The early Christians were good trustees of all the promises of Christ because they took this promise literally: *Lo, I am with you always.*

Shackleton and his two companions who struggled to safety by a long trek through arctic storms, confessed to the feeling that a fourth walked with them whose very presence gave them strength to go on. Paul in his second letter to Timothy testified from his prison in Rome, "The Lord stood by me and gave me strength." This is the secret of the clean, self-forgetful lives of these first-century Christians and it also accounts for their courage in the face of persecution and death. Do you find God "a very present help?"

"Not on flowery beds of ease" did Jesus picture His way. Paul and Peter and all who led the early Church made no compromise with the promise of hardship. For many of those whom they won to Christ "the fiery trial" would be no figure of speech. Orgies of the emperors would be lighted by human torches. A pinch of incense burned before a heathen shrine or a half nod of reverence before the picture of Caesar would have saved the lives of many of these Christians. But because they loved Christ better than life, they rejoiced in the high privilege of sharing His sufferings.

Observers at Geneva where the World Council of Churches has never ceased its mission during the war, bring back to America wonderful testimony of the spiritual revival in our European churches. Persecution not only spreads the Church but deepens its faith and purifies its life. Can we Christians on this safe continent be worthy of their fellowship?

Questions:

*Does the program of worship and work of our Church deepen the sense of the reality of God? If not, what changes ought to be made?*

*How many of the promises of Christ can you list? How can we be good trustees of these promises?*

*If we do not face the tests of persecution for our faith, what tests do we face, here where we live?*

GARDEN PATH TO GOD

(Continued from page 22)

right to have a dozen heavenly blue blossoms exultantly starting it with you! I planted zinnias of every height and hue, bachelor buttons, mourning bride and sweet alyssum. The last-named—alas!—didn't come up. I watered a healthy green growth in their bed for weeks before I discovered I was carefully nurturing a fine crop of weeds, and that the ants had carried all my alyssum seed into my neighbor's potato patch. When he told me, I complained that the ants never brought potatoes over to me!

I sowed nasturtiums—little "nose-twisters"—in every inch of spare ground.

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because their exquisite coloring makes a perfect table decoration. Thousands of them have bloomed in the borders once owned by the spiked devils. Every day I pick great handfuls of their gay blossoms to grace my own table and give to friends and neighbors.

All the rest of the new growing things are gifts from my church friends, many of whom are experienced gardeners. Did you ever notice how an active interest in religion and gardening go together? Perhaps because, "One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth."

A vestry man brought me precious cuttings he had rooted himself; our Sunday-school superintendent brought me three papaya trees, each about as big as his hand. Now they are taller than I am and one is bearing fruit. A good neighbor brought me a dozen spindly tomato seedlings. No finished manuscript ever gave me more pride in production than did my first vine-ripened tomato! I felt like a cannibal when, under pressure, I permitted the senior member to make salad of it.

The same generous neighbor gave me a begonia, in flower. And a complete stranger on our street presented me with two lovely double poinsettia plants. My German zinnias, my French begonias, my Mexican poinsettias, my British bachelor buttons and my American gardenias get along nicely together.

It was the president of the Ladies' Aid who brought me the gardenia as a housewarming gift. And it was the quiet, reserved man who has been our mail carrier for three years without my even learning his name, who handed me his business card reading, "Specializing in Gardenias," and told me what to do for my plant to make it bloom.

"Gardenias are like people," he said, "you can't treat two of 'em alike."

I followed his advice and in three days my first gardenia, in all its pearly white perfection, was out in full bloom, forerunner of scores of others.

Since then, they have found their gracious queenly way into both sad and happy homes. Some went into a corsage for a lovely Boston bride who was spending a brief honeymoon next door. One went to a dying child in a local hospital. She was still clinging to it when the angels came for her. Others bloomed by the bedside of a wounded veteran whose eyes, full of the searing memories of past horrors, rested gratefully on their fragrant white peace. Some day I hope to have enough perfect blooms to put on the altar of my church, as a symbol of my garden path to God.

"Great work, this gardening!" booms my neighbor from across his well-trimmed hedge.

I nod, afraid to speak. Great work, indeed. *God's work!*

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Spiritual Mobilization is a crusade for freedom. It is a constructive movement which believes that freedom cannot be taken for granted but can be regained, post-war, through concerted effort.

In this crusade men and women in all walks of life are joined. Great associations of educators, lawyers, physicians, business men, farmers, and clergymen are all allies. Responsible labor leaders are increasingly concerned because of the collectivist, state-trend which began before the war.

That Spiritual Mobilization operates through the clergy of all denominations is not a happenstance. It believes it a responsibility of all ministers to protect basic freedoms and spiritual ideals which collectivism would destroy.

The preachers of America must reaffirm the sovereignty of God and the inviolable rights of man by reason of the sole fact that he is a child of God. The tides of materialism must be checked before they sweep us into serfdom under the state. The cause and influence of the clergy are in peril here as they were in other nations whose collectivism was further advanced and reached the totalitarian level. A dominant state does not champion the ideals of Jesus.

Laymen are interested in this crusade and helping to interest their pastors in it. There is a fine and growing camaraderie in our ranks—men and women crusading for what they consider Christian and American. Interested?

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Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

## Peculiar, Separate

Dear Editor:

You wanted to know in the April issue what "peculiar people" and "being separate" meant. We're peculiar people because we love the things of God, and hate sin and worldliness. . . . We are separate because we take no part in sin and worldliness. . . .

Also, you refer to Jesus whipping the people, and made them get the sin out of the temple. He preached repentance from sin. Nowhere do I read in the Bible that He tried to clean up sin. . . .  
San Bernardino, Cal. Mrs. K. B. Cason

Dear Editor:

In your column "Straight Talk," April 1945, you say that you do not know what we mean by "come out from among them and be ye separate." It is a Bible passage. I believe it means just what it says, and one does not have to be a pillar-sitter to be separated from the world and its amusements. . . . It takes men of courage and determination to walk the narrow way. . . . I do not believe in doing nothing. Jesus took the scourge and drove the money-changers out of the temple. Why not get the scourge after those who would bring movies into the churches? Why not put the scourge on the parents who allow their children to go to indecent movies?  
New Germany, Minn. Mrs. C. A. Longpre

Dear Editor:

I believe the best way to have the meaning of the word "separate" revealed to us is by letting God have His way in our lives. . . . I know little about the Bible, but when Christ came into my heart that particular word, "separate," had a real meaning for me. . . .  
Louisville, Ky. Mrs. W. L. Martin

● The last letter touched us deeply; there is more to it—more to all of them—than we can reproduce here. And frankly, we would not stoop to argument over a letter like the one from Reader Martin. We can only say about all these letters that—we're as much in the dark as ever as to what these words mean. Most of the letters were in the nature of special pleading for a particular interpretation of the scripture, and not an answer to our question. We still believe in the whip-of-cords method, and we see more clearly than ever that no two people ever interpret scripture exactly alike!

## Pro, Con

Dear Editor:

Please discontinue sending CHRISTIAN HERALD. . . . I personally do not care to

have such rubbish come into my study. A paper which so evidently carries on an undercover attack on labor, Soviet Russia and the Roosevelt administration (!) has only one place for me—the waste-basket.  
Rev. John G. Barnard

Camlachie, Ontario, Canada

Dear Editor:

I count it (CHRISTIAN HERALD) as one of the most reliable, unprejudiced, tolerant and helpful magazines printed. . . .  
San Diego, Cal. Mrs. J. Harald Kurtz

Dear Editor:

I am always thrilled at the realism, truth and timeliness of CHRISTIAN HERALD. Without a doubt, it is the finest, most constructive magazine published.  
New London, Conn. Karl Linke, Jr. S 2/C

Dear Editor:

I think the HERALD is tops. . . . Find it hard to believe that folks write such corny letters as have been published in the correspondence section. Doubt if such people actually live outside the mental hospitals. . . .  
Salem, Oregon. Julia C. Noble

● . . . And it's all in the day's work.

## "Your Daddy Did Not Die"

● Hundreds of our readers have read the book, "Your Daddy Did Not Die," the story of Clark Poling and his three chaplain-comrades lost off Iceland. That story, you may be interested to know, will be filmed. Warner Brothers have purchased it for motion picture production, and the script-writers are already at work on it.

To Dr. Poling comes \$7500 as his share of the money paid for the story; plans are complete for the investment of this sum. Four thousand dollars of it goes to Yale University to establish a Chaplain Clark V. Poling Memorial Scholarship in the Yale Divinity School, from which Clark graduated. The proceeds from this fund will be used from year to year to assist a student named by the University.

The remaining \$3500 will be used to establish a memorial, inter-faith shrine on Wolf Hill in the town of Deering, New Hampshire, where young Clark spent so much of his childhood, and which he dearly loved. The hill is being renamed Clark Summit; it will be crowned



with four identical bronze tablets, one to each of the four chaplains who went down on the *Dorchester*. The tablets will bear the words of the Distinguished Service Cross citation received posthumously by the four chaplains. This is a great and worthy memorial; it should become an interfaith meeting-ground for the America of the post-war era.

## THE PLEASURE OF GIVING

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### INCOMPLETED TASK

(Continued from page 29)

and newly mowed lawns and damp earth. Gertrude and Peggy seated themselves in one of the pews reserved for the faculty, while Leroy went on down the aisle to take his place on the platform. Down in the audience Max Whitcomb sat, a big ruddy-faced, dark-haired figure, his arms folded across his chest. His eyes met Leroy's gaze, but no spark of recognition leaped to life to greet his erstwhile friend. And Leroy knew the reason: Jack Whitcomb should have been among the seniors here tonight.

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A quiver of sound seemed to fill the church. Leroy listened, wondering dully at its source; then creeping softly over his consciousness until it swelled into its own solemn, stately tempo, "Pomp and Circumstance" rolled forth, while down the aisle came the seniors, brave in their elementary caps and gowns, to take their places in the pews reserved for them.

Leroy glanced up over his shoulder. Joe Harlow, his shabby clothing happily hidden by his gown, sat before the organ console; his sharp-featured face, in profile, was studious, solemn. Leroy was glad the boy did not have to face the assemblage; it might save him from stage fright. And yet, as Joe had told him, fear seemed to have fallen from him with the first notes of the music. He was in another world, hearing the trumpets of Heaven.

The exercises began. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." The old theme of Commencement reiterated in Leroy's ears. The speaker, a noted educator especially invited for the occasion, spoke the familiar platitudes that were yet new and full of meaning to these thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds. Leroy, watching them, found himself applying the message to his own situation. The end of his work here in Cedar Bluff. Another beginning, in a new place, in his fortieth year—with a lonely heart-sickness within him for his friends here, and the pupils with whom he had worked. Max Whitcomb, who had called him a murderer and turned from him to shed bitter, strong-man tears over the broken body of his boy. Joe Harlow, without father or mother and—except for an old grandmother—no one to care whether he lived or died. They all needed him—and he must go away and leave them. Why? Why?

"It isn't fair," he whispered. "God, it isn't fair. I have thought I was doing Your work here. I have tried my best. And now You are displeased. You are taking me away . . ."

The address was finished, and Leroy struggled to his feet. It was his place now to stand up and hand out the sixty-three diplomas. Once again the organ pealed forth and Leroy, standing patient beside the table piled with the white tubes tied with purple and gold ribbons, felt his pulse quicken to the instrument's glorious strains. It was "The Palms" with its message of triumph and exaltation, played by a young but a master hand.

The table was empty at last. Leroy stood silent and spent beside it, his whole body aching with a fatigue that was both mental and physical. He realized dimly that the assemblage was singing the final congregational song; then the seniors filed down the aisle. The pews began to empty. In a few moments the church would be deserted.

He sat down and hid his face in his

hands. His last Commencement in Cedar Bluff! No one knew, or cared. He had been a failure. He had done a great thing for Joe, but to what avail? A musical education took money, and Joe didn't have enough of that to even clothe himself decently. And as for the adult population of the city, he had shattered a beautiful friendship and won eternal animosity in its stead.

"I say, Leroy, I can't get near that boy. They're mobbing him with congratulations and compliments. But what I want to say is—"

Leroy looked up, incredulous, into the animated face of Max Whitcomb close to his own.

"It's a queer thing, Leroy." Max's hand, on Leroy's shoulder, was unconsciously cruel in its tense grip. "I sat there tonight and watched Joe while he was playing. And all I could see was—Jack. The way he would look when he was fussing over his rocks and fossils and whatnot. And I got to thinking. Maybe you were wiser than me, after all. To help the kids find themselves, I mean, instead of trying to cast them into our own hard-and-fast molds, as it were."

"And I heard something today, Leroy. They're afraid the old grandmother is in her last sickness. And if she is, why—well, what I am trying to say is, May and I have talked it over some since Jack's going, and we want to do something as a kind of memorial. And it just came to me tonight that maybe a scholarship for Joe would be the right way. And if he's left alone, it won't be an orphan asylum for him, either. I guess May and I—"

His crushing grip tightened still more, but Leroy did not realize it. He was conscious only of the great joy and wonderment growing in his heart. Where was the bitterness of only an hour ago over his unfinished work?

He could leave Cedar Bluff, now. After all, he might return after a year or two. Doctor Bullard had said as much. And if he didn't, he would establish new contacts elsewhere. But the things that he had done here, the minds he had trained, the friendships he had made—these could never be measured this side of Eternity.

He walked home alone from the church. Gertrude had gone on ahead with Peggy. Tomorrow he would have to tell them, but for tonight, he was alone. He looked up at the overhanging elms, checkered with silver where the moonbeams penetrated, and as he walked, he whispered over and over to himself:

"Not the end, but the beginning. No unfinished task but merely a page completed in the Book of Life, and a new leaf turned. Why—" he stopped still for a moment as a new thought came to him, "that's the real meaning of Commencement!"

## WE ARE SAVED BY HOPE

(Continued from page 31)

frayed tempers and pushing people, all of which makes one conscious of the trials we are now having to endure.

Let us now ask a second question: How does this hope save us? For one thing, it saves us from despair about the condition of things here on this earth. We all know the strength that hope puts into a person, how it gladdens the patient on the bed of pain and speeds his returning health, how it illumines with rays brighter than sunbeams the prisoner's cell and keeps his spirits from failing before freedom comes; how at this very moment hope is peopling the dreams of soldiers on far-away fronts with visions of the loved ones at home whom he is eager to see again. Hope dries the tears on the cheeks of woe and puts light into lovers' eyes.

But in my belief, the only hope that can build a better world is one which believes in a life beyond this world. That was the hope which Paul had, the hope which made him able to say, "Therefore be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." If we are to do our best work here, we must know that we have a value which lasts.

Some years ago I was preaching up at Dartmouth College. The students, as you may know, had a practice of building designs in the snow. Some of the snow figures showed real creative skill. But even at their best, those designs in the snow could hardly call forth as painstaking effort or attain as much finesse as if they were done in enduring marble. That fact was in my mind when I went to conduct a forum with the students. Those who coached me about some of the questions I might expect, said there is one question you will not be asked, and that is about immortality. But the very second query put to me by the students was about the life hereafter. Yes, even the young want to know whether these lives which we are to spend fifty, seventy or eighty years in developing are to have as our images the glory of going on.

Christ told us that this hope of going on is trustworthy. He said, "If it were not so, I would have told you." It was this hope which sustained Paul even to the end. It is in this hope that the noblest souls down the ages have done the world's best work. It is this hope which can save us now—and nothing less.

\* \* \*

Our Christ is going on. So are those who are led by His spirit, for they are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Such is our hope. "And we are saved by hope."

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Audience Suitability:

A—Adults; YP—Young people; F—Family.

**THE CORN IS GREEN.** *Bette Davis, Nigel Bruce, John Dall.* (Warner) A picture to be doubly enjoyed, first at the theater, and afterwards, thinking about it. Here is poignancy, poetry, music and unusual technique. The story has to do with the bravery and sacrifice of a woman and the development of a young Welsh miner who has a desire for knowledge. Miss Moffat (Bette Davis) inherits a small house in a Welsh mining community. She decides to open a school for the children working in the mines. The Squire and the mine owners are against any such innovation, and the people of the village are apathetic. The way finally opens and she is able to help start at least one young man on the road to scholarship and service to the world. The ending is unexpected and gripping. Splendidly played by a competent cast. The Welsh singing of the miners adds artistic value to the picture. **A YP**

**HOTEL BERLIN.** *Raymond Massey, Helmut Dantine, Peter Lorre, Faye Emerson.* (Warner) Based on Vicki Baum's book, this film is overburdened with plot; events multiply so rapidly that it becomes confusing. It is 1945 in a hotel in Berlin, Germany. There is an actress living at the hotel, safe in her friendship with a very Prussian, German staff general until he is disgraced in the eyes of the Gestapo. There are numerous members of the underground. The music is important and interesting. **A YP**

**THE RANDOLPH FAMILY.** *Margaret Lockwood, Michael Wilding, Helen Hays.* This was once a stage play called "Dear Octopus." It is a story of family life in England. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph celebrate their golden wedding with the help of all their children and friends. The house is full and we see the true characters of the people develop with their emotional clashes, jealousies and affections. The loyalties of family life are emphasized. The home scenes are the best. Produced in England. **F**

**THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN.** *Joan Fontaine, Dennis O'Keefe, George Brent.* (Paramount) The story of a girl who marries and is divorced and is about to marry again, after many love affairs. All the men in her life get together to discuss her affairs and the former husband decides to try to win her back, which he does. Marriage is too lightly treated. There is social drinking. **A**

**WITHOUT LOVE.** *Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball, Keenan Wynn.* (MGM) A story of a scientist

who rents a house in Washington to perform secret experiments for his invention of an aviator's oxygen helmet. The house is owned by a young widow. Both are disillusioned about love but they plan a "loveless" marriage to carry on the scientific research. Later they find they love each other and from then on it is "with love." **A**

**GENTLE ANNIE.** *James Craig, Donna Reed, Marjorie Main, Henry Morgan.* (MGM) The time is in the days when the state of Oklahoma was still a Territory and law and order were not what they are today. This is a splendid character study of a woman who fights against the law when it touches her loved ones. **A**

**SUDAN.** *Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Turhan Bey, Andy Devine.* (Universal) The king of Sudan has been murdered and his daughter, now the Queen, vows to find the murderer. She is abducted and sold into slavery. The leader of a band of former slaves rescues her and the chief falls in love with her. She believes that he is the murderer of her father and betrays him. It is proved that he is not guilty and the actual murderer is caught and the slaves are freed. Beautiful costumes and scenery. This fairy tale in the desert is entertaining. The Oriental dances may offend some. Technicolor. **A YP**

**A GUY, A GAL AND A PAL.** *Rose Hunter, Lynn Merrick, Ted Donaldson.* (Columbia) A light entertaining story of a Marine hero, a young girl and her ten-year-old nephew. The Marine helps them secure plane reservations by pretending that the girl is his wife. When he is recognized by the passengers and given a reception, the girl must participate. She is on her way to Washington to marry a rich man whom she does not love, and the Marine is to visit the President to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor. After they reach Washington, they find they are in love and finally are married and the girl goes with the Marine as his wife to visit the President. The boy gives an outstanding performance. **A YP**

**ROUGH, TOUGH AND READY.** *Chester Morris, Victor McLaglen, Jean Rogers.* (Columbia) A salvage company is taken over by the Army and the members of the company go to a training school; finally the company is ordered out and in the South Pacific there are many fine scenes of diving for sunken ships. The picture is entertaining and instructive. One of our previewers said, "It is certainly a relief to have a picture with no drinking in it." **F**

**BRING ON THE GIRLS.** *Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken, Marjorie Reynolds.* (Paramount) A comedy with dancing and music. When a wealthy young man discovers that his girl no longer loves him, he quits his job in a defense plant and joins the Navy. On his first leave, he goes to a night club and is recognized. Many girls try to marry him for his money. In order to know his real friends and what they are saying about him, he feigns deafness. He finds the

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right girl and all are nappy. There are some drinking scenes. Technicolor. **A**

**IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD.** *Andrea King, Charles Drake, Warren Douglas.* (Warner) Presented in documentary style, this picture has a lesson for all Americans. A wounded soldier returns to his home town to find that a gang of rowdies has wrecked his father's little store and almost killed the old man. The hoodlums were provoked to this act by a politician who talked prejudice. Because the kindly old man was a naturalized citizen and had not been born in the United States, he became the victim. Knowing the grief and discouragement of the soldier-son, a schoolteacher invites him to visit the schools in Springfield, Massachusetts, and see what is being done there to teach the principles of democracy. The Springfield plan or a similar one is being used in many cities to teach true democracy. **F**

**IDENTITY UNKNOWN.** *Richard Arlen, Cheryl Walker, Roger Pryor.* (Republic) A serious picture, dealing with a soldier who is a victim of amnesia. He has been returned to the United States after surviving a German bombing. He seeks to establish his identity by visiting the homes of relatives of some of the men who lost their lives in the bombing. After falling in love with the widow of one of the men, he is arrested for being absent from the Army without leave. The mystery of his identity is solved through the files of the Army Intelligence. With medical care, his amnesia disappears. **A** **YP**

**TWO O'CLOCK COURAGE.** *Tom Conway, Ann Rutherford.* (RKO) Who murdered Robert Dilling, and why? A dark street . . . a man dazed from a wound in the head is approached by an attractive girl taxi driver. He is suffering from amnesia and the girl offers to help him. He may be involved with the murder. Together they run down all clues. The solution is found after the confession of the guilty one. **A** **YP**

**ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY.** *Wally Brown, Alan Carney, Bela Lugosi.* (RKO) The Zombie Hut, a night club, is scheduled to open. A real zombie has been advertised as the feature attraction. Two press agents are sent to an island to bring back the attraction, and there they fall into the clutches of a doctor who is trying to create a serum that will produce zombies. Several of them are ready for the opening night. Good for an evening of laughter. **F**

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*Previously Recommended:*

Together Again **F**, Winged Victory **A**, The Three Caballeros **F**, The Fighting Lady **A**, National Velvet **F**, Music For Millions **F**, Can't Help Singing **F**, Hollywood Canteen **F**, Sunday Dinner for a Soldier **F**, Roughly Speaking **F**, Youth On Trial **A**, **YP**, God is My Co-Pilot **F**, Colonel Blimp **A**, **YP**, Mr. Emmanuel **F**, Thunderhead **F**, Enchanted Cottage **F**, Picture of Dorian Gray **A**, **YP**, Brewster's Millions. **F**

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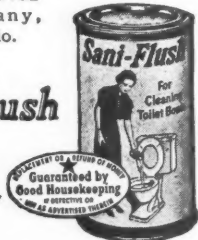


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## HEAVEN'S HIGHWAY

(Continued from page 14)

walls throughout this Alsace-Lorraine territory, the retreating enemy had painted his defiant, ALSACE-LORRAINE IS STILL GERMAN! and WE WILL RETURN!

Our drive through the Vosges Mountains was something of an ordeal—until we saw our enlisted men in their frozen or melting foxholes. Did you have cold rooms this winter? God help me never to complain again! I can see one soldier now—he could have been my son, or your brother—bundled to the eyes and in hipboots, standing in water. He hadn't time to notice us, his cheek caressed a machine-gun and his eyes, unwavering, held the sights. God pity the sons of men, God save us all—yes, all!

General George Smith Patton, commanding the Third Army, is as universally respected for his leadership and as highly regarded for his mastery of modern mechanized warfare as he is regretted in some of his hysterical and profane outbursts. I am now a witness and competent to give testimony in both these fields! But I shall spare you the details. However, one thing I do add—General Patton regards himself as a simple and devout Christian, publicly and constantly identifies himself with the Army worship service and is a man of regular Bible study and prayer. Also, I found only one man in the Third Army—and I talked to many—who did not say that he would sooner serve with George Patton than with any other general.

While living conditions among the civilians of France, as well as political conditions, were chaotic and sometimes tragic, I found Italy even worse off. Every earnest request of the authorities for yet greater efforts on our part toward sacrificial contributions to feed Europe, is a hundred times justified. Nor let us ever forget that relief now for the blood-bathed continent is our own security insurance. Europe could very quickly become a maddened, starving mob. Our shortened meat ration is a grotesque caricature of real sacrifice when measured against a thousand scenes that have tortured my eyes since I left the United States late in January.

One Sunday evening as I rounded a corner near our headquarters in Rome, I all but stepped upon a little group huddled in black rags, crouching in a doorway. A little boy who might have been three, pressed against his mother's side, dark curly hair above his sleep-closed eyes. She had another baby at her breast—one arm held the nursing infant, the other encircled the boy. As I hesitated she looked up, but quickly dropped her eyes. She was as beautiful as any madonna by Raphael. I was embarrassed and ashamed and passed on.

Never before has my conscience risen

to smite me as it did then. Lacking moral courage to return directly, I circled the street and came back, but two GI's were ahead of me. They were paratroopers on leave, they were "killers" with memories of Bastogne, but they were tenderhearted boys when they came to that young mother. The world is a house of horrors today and only the love and mercy of Christ can cleanse its rooms and heal its dwellers who are hungry and sick unto death.

I met three combat chaplains on the road to Bologna in a blacked-out village picture house. That same morning all three chaplains of one regiment of the now famous Mountain Division became casualties. Two were killed and one so seriously wounded that he was not expected to live. Daily as I thank God for these men of my own high calling who are in uniform, I bow in grateful, humble prayer for them and with them, praying too that other clergymen, under thirty-five years of age, scores and hundreds, may hear the call of God and of their battle-tortured fellows, hear and answer with their enlistments. Only the authority of His Spirit can call us up, for in this high hour we are the one and only group in America removed from the authority of the state. For one, I regret the exemption!

My meeting with an old friend, Paolo Bosio, pastor of the Waldensian Church in Rome, was a deeply moving experience. I was in the Bosio home and also Mr. and Mrs. Bosio came to my hotel. He is the Christian Endeavor leader of Italy. With his gracious wife, he bears the uncertainty and sorrow of having an only son "missing in action" for more than a year. Our chaplains tell of his courage and faith during the years of Mussolini's travesty and during the later German occupation. He sheltered refugees; some he hid away in the tower of the church, and one American flier who was shot down he placed in the furnace! That furnace was the pilot's refuge for months.

Paolo Bosio, in describing the last day of German occupation, said: "They were moving about in the square over there in front of the Ministry of Justice—tanks and cars passing through; sporadic firing, great excitement. We watched fearfully through the shutters. Of course, we did not know what was happening. Then suddenly they were all gone and we heard a great shout: 'The Americans are at the bridge!' And then Paolo Bosio choked and stopped, nor could I speak a word. Yes, in such time and manner the American troops came to kindle so deep an emotion and so great a hope.

In Naples I met the committee of three appointed to represent the American



can churches in the vital matter of Italian relief. We are fortunate in these three men: Drs. Robert W. Anthony, Patrick J. Zaccara and Dewey Moore. They were with me in a conference with our chaplains, called by the theater's senior chaplain, Colonel Beebe. They have been sent to Italy at a most significant time. Let us rejoice too, in the unity for the first time achieved by our Italian Protestant churches, in this relief effort. All evangelical groups, including Seventh Day Adventists and Pentecostals, Baptists, and Methodists, have with the Waldensians named the Moderator of the Waldensian Church as their representative. Out of this unity may we not reasonably hope for a permanent Federation of Italian Protestant Churches!

One night in Naples I stood on my hotel balcony under a glorious moon and looked long at Vesuvius across the bay. Mussolini missed his one greatest grotesque opportunity when he did not give that spouting, erupting, destroying volcano his name!

I flew from Italy to London, non-stop across France, landing in Cornwall. Aside from official responsibilities, ten days in the United Kingdom were made particularly worthwhile by meetings with our Army chaplains which had been arranged by Senior Chaplain (Lieutenant Colonel) John Rhea. In three district meetings I addressed 171 chaplains. As a rule they serve now in the United Kingdom with the general hospitals and the supply depots. Also I visited the chaplains in their stations and found them exceptionally gifted and effective.

My brother, Charles, minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Long Beach, California, when he enlisted, is senior chaplain at General Hospital 97. He has only one quarrel with his superiors—because of an age limit both his looks and activities belie, he has been refused frontline duty or service with a combat division. "I would give an arm or a leg to be 35 again," he told me and to that I replied, "That wouldn't get you anything now but a bed in your own hospital!"

My conferences with Sir William Beveridge, Sir Stafford Cripps and Ambassador Winant provide material for additional articles. But the V-2 rocket that dropped at Marble Arch in Hyde Park on Sunday morning, the day before I left England, and landed just a hundred yards from where I stood with my brother just about finished my interviewing. It was 9:30 and the park and the surrounding streets were practically deserted, otherwise the number of casualties would have been appalling. At 4:30 that afternoon, thousands would have been listening to Hyde Park orators, or promenading through Park Lane.

We both saw the sudden flash which,

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though on a vaster scale, reminds one of a trolley breaking connections on an overhead electric wire. Two explosions, close together, followed immediately—it is said that the second is from the tail of the rocket. A dense, black, acrid smoke billowed up in two columns and fanned out, covering the scene. We were fortunate because of the park in front of us which must have affected the concussion, but our bodies were first compressed and then pulled out. The rocket opened a crater sixty feet across, crumbled and scattered the pavement and trees until the place looked like a battlefield. A large water main was smashed and there was a geyser already filling the crater when we arrived on the scene. A small army barracks to the east of the explosion was shattered. Providentially the men were at mess. Only one sergeant was hit and he was a brutal sight. A woman walking in the street was severely injured.

Within less than fifteen minutes, twenty-nine ambulances and the fire equipment had arrived, and almost before I knew they were about, the street cleaners were calmly, methodically, brushing back the debris and the glass from shattered windows.

North of the Arch is the Cumberland Hotel and the Odeon Theatre and to the east the Marble Arch Offices. The fronts of these buildings—windows, casings and superstructure—were shattered, woodwork hanging in shreds. The lobby of the hotel was wrecked and converging streets were piled with litter.

## ALL ONE BODY, WE

(Continued from page 15)

(by us) that they fought for one world, one freedom, one just and lasting peace for us all. And we welcome them divided into more than 200 sects, all toiling like bees over plans for the salvation of mankind and the world, plans which we think are denominational—but which are not. We still talk about our Methodist program and our Baptist and Lutheran and Evangelical programs, and we are all trying to do exactly the same thing!

Why?

Have the Protestant leaders, in conclave assembled, made any effort to spend their millions in such a manner as not to waste a dollar, as not to duplicate each others' effort in their enthusiasm to "expand?" Are we going to build churches, hospitals, schools helter-skelter all over the world, shaking them out of an ecclesiastical salt-shaker? Are we going to stumble all over each other in a spend-thrift effort to relieve, restore, educate, evangelize? We have done that, before.

Now we have been proving in CHRISTIAN HERALD, in a series of three articles on community churches, that there is basically little difference among Protestants—that we are all one, at heart. We

A veritable horror swept me as I thought what the scene would have been had the rocket fallen out of the stratosphere seven hours later. Never again will I listen kindly to any home complaint because of shortened rations or unhappy inconveniences. On that last Sunday morning in London I came face to face with Britain's torture through these unspeakable years. I saw with understanding eyes the bloody road down which she has passed, moving steadfastly to the goal.

It was from London that I traveled by way of a chaplains' conference in the Midlands to the Robert Burns country in Scotland and from Scotland in less than a day I flew the North Atlantic and came to a happy landing in New York. We swept high above the southern point of Greenland, looked down upon the ice packs of Newfoundland and under a blazing sun crossed the wide mouth of the St. Lawrence River. Then we entered dense fogs and until we reached New York City we never saw the ground again. From time to time the co-pilot or the pilot would come back and say, "We're above Bangor," or "We're west of Manchester, New Hampshire," or "Hartford, Connecticut, is down there." But with the unerring flight of a homing pigeon we came to LaGuardia Field.

And here let the report close. God is still in His heaven and also He is still with men. He did not create man in His own image to leave him at last in this hell of his own making. *He has other plans for him!*

saw a great city church in Columbus, Ohio, with members of 27 Protestant denominations worshipping under one roof; Park Ridge, Illinois, was a suburban church joining 24 denominations; in Van Hornesville, New York, we saw a rural community in which the Protestants maintained their denominational identities but united to do a community, united-front job that could never have been done otherwise. These three church groups refused to plod along any longer, laying waste to their energies, abilities and resources, and what they have accomplished, some claim, borders on the miraculous.

Why can't Protestantism do the same thing, nationally, now? It may turn out that we shall have to do it, for chaplains along the front are telling us that the boys out there are not merely distinguishing among Methodist, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Jew; too many of them are saying, "A curse on all your houses." And many more will be coming back saying, "Well, how about it? Are you going to practice what you preached to us while we were out there? Are we going to have this one world, one peace, one freedom—or aren't we? We'd like to know." Well, how about it?

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1945 • PAGE 52

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## MEN IN BARRACKS

(Continued from page 18)

means that in our camps we have five hundred thousand potential Christians annually challenging the Church to bring them the gospel and with every facility of the government at our disposal.

We have not met this challenge as we should, but something has been done and much more is possible. I know that in my own experience of almost three years of ministry in the Army, scarcely a week has gone by without some young men being baptized into the Christian Church of their choice. This through the ministry of only one chaplain out of thousands. Realizing how much more I might have done, I nevertheless remember with joy the many months when ten to seventy new communicants joined in our monthly celebration of the Lord's Supper. This is the challenge of the army training program to the Christian forces of America. It calls for a re-adjustment of our thinking; to conceive of this vast influx of men not as a moral hazard but as a spiritual opportunity.

It is true that parents will fear the mixed association of the Army. They are concerned that their sons will be thrown into intimate contact with men from all walks of life. They know the danger of the wrong sort of associates. But in this connection it is well to remember that character is not confined to one social stratum. There is good and evil on both sides of the railroad track.

Let us beware of that spiritual smugness, that self-righteousness, which too easily condemns the morals of others. To associate with our soldiers is to become convinced of the innate goodness of American youth. They have their faults, their failings and their sins, but fundamentally they are morally sound. Their capacity for comradeship, generosity, kindness, and self-sacrifice is boundless. They are not "plaster saints," thank God, but they bear unmistakably the marks of their divine sonship. What they are, with all their faults, gives promise of what they may become, if homes, communities and churches are faithful to their tasks.

One fact has been amply demonstrated in the war years and that is that our military leaders are willing and eager to do everything in their power to cooperate with these agencies not only in the protection of youth but in their higher spiritual development. The Government has given ample evidence that it is concerned with the morals of the men in barracks. Everything possible is done to provide for them a clean and wholesome environment, and ten thousand soldiers of the Cross, in the Chaplains Corps, are enlisted in the glorious task of keeping your boy in training safe in the nurture and the love of God.

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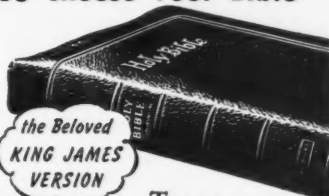
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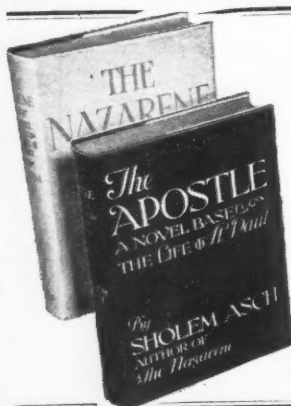


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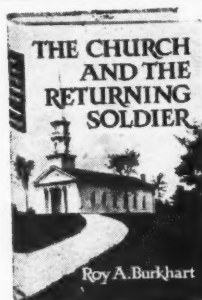


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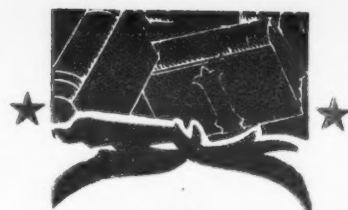
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Dr. Fifield, pastor of Brooklyn's famous Church of the Pilgrims and nationally known book-reviewer, took over in the absence of Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who was abroad. Dr. Poling will resume the editorship of this department next month.

**TOWN MEETING COUNTRY**, by Clarence M. Webster. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 246 pp., \$3.00) This book is one in the series of "American Folkways" edited by Erskine Caldwell. It is the story of the region north and east of New London, Conn., and of the small towns which grew up in that area. The author himself was brought up there and is therefore thoroughly familiar with the present-day living which has evolved from the simpler forms of early days. He also knows the traditions which form the background of the typical Yankee community life. He tells the story of this area from its beginning, with special emphasis upon the way in which the early democratic traditions of the small communities have developed into their present form, with due consideration for the philosophy of life which emerged in the process.

An important piece of Americana and a valuable contribution to our understanding and appreciation of the meaning of American life. Beyond all this it is delightful reading.

**THE YOUNG JEFFERSON**, by Claude G. Bowers. (Houghton Mifflin, 544 pp., \$3.75) Claude Bowers has rendered notable service to American thought through his interpretations of the personality and political thinking of Thomas Jefferson. This book, together with his earlier "Jefferson and Hamilton" and "Jefferson in Power," makes a three-volume biography of one of our truly great Americans. Of the three, "The Young Jefferson" will doubtless prove of the greatest interest because of the period covered. The book presents the story of his education, his early practice, at the bar, his participation in the activities of the Continental Congress and that high point in his life which produced the Declaration of Independence.

All students of American life will be indebted to Mr. Bowers for this new and splendid contribution to our knowledge of a great American.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1945 • PAGE 54

**REPORT FROM RED CHINA**, by Harrison Forman. (Holt, 250 pp., \$3.00) Primarily the story of the author's experiences in what is commonly known as Red China. He went with a group of correspondents, the first to visit this area in over six years. The group went with the permission of Chiang Kai-shek. The main purposes of the author is to tell objectively of his experiences, many of which were thrilling in the extreme, to report on the type of life which he discovered in this area and also to tell of some of the leaders of this movement. The report is, on the whole, a friendly and favorable one. This book is recommended because of its fair and unbiased understanding of the situation in China. It reflects the point of view of the so-called Communistic groups, a point of view with which we should be familiar whether we agree with it or not.

**AT HIS SIDE**, by George Korson. (Coward-McCann, 322 pp., \$2.75) A book that should be read by all loyal Americans. It tells the story of the way in which we on the home front are extending ourselves in helpfulness and service to servicemen both overseas and in this country, through the agency of the American Red Cross. Mr. Korson tells the story in the most effective possible form. He does not deal in statistics and in generalities but takes specific instances of outstanding service. The book becomes, therefore, something more than the chronicle of the work of this great organization, it becomes a running account of the war itself from the point of view of those engaged in acts of helpfulness and of mercy.

**TAKE YOUR PLACE AT THE PEACE TABLE**, by Edward L. Bernays. (Gerent Press, 60 pp., \$1.00) The plain private citizen, says the author, can and must do plenty about the peace. He is not powerless—if he can find techniques for action. This book puts techniques in his hands: tells him what to do, and how. Excellent! F.S.M

**THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE**, by D. B. Steinman. (Harcourt, Brace, 455 pp., \$3.50) The fascinating, moving and dramatic story of John Roebling and his son Washington, who were the builders of the Brooklyn Bridge. It is the story of a man who came to this country from across the sea, who found expression for his genius in the development of new theories of suspension bridges, who built many of the great bridges of America, who dreamed the dream of the Brooklyn Bridge and then passed its execution on to his son. It is a story of tenacity and triumph. The contribution of the Roeblings, father and son, to bridge-building in America is unsurpassed. The story itself is written in non-technical terms with emphasis upon the human element involved. It is as fascinating a story as any novel that I have read.

**THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC**, by Isabel F. Rennie. (Macmillan, 431 pp., \$4.00) Argentina's policy has puzzled most Americans. It would seem obvious

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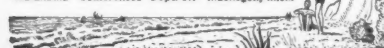
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to us that it would have been to the best interests of our South American neighbor to fall in line, without argument and debate, with the whole policy of the development of the solidarity of the Western Hemisphere. But Argentina did not follow this policy. It was only with the greatest reluctance that she ultimately declared war upon Germany. Here is a book which explains the development of this great nation during the century since it first became a republic. It is a serious, comprehensive, well-documented examination of the history, traditions, customs and, more important, the various economic, political and social trends which united to make the Argentine what it is today.

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**NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTARY**, by George M. Lamsa. (Holman, 630 pp., \$3.75) If you instinctively shy away from "commentaries"—go right out and buy this one. No dull theological seminary textbook, this one is for the layman. No verse-by-verse commentary, it makes plain the idioms, customs and manners of the people of the New Testament. Covering the section from Acts through Revelation, the book is a beautiful sequel to the author's earlier "Gospel Light," dealing with the Four Gospels. A "must," without any doubt, for laymen and preacher alike. F.S.M.

**THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL**, by Georgia Harkness. (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 192 pp., \$1.50) No "quickie," this one goes deep. It deals with spiritual desolation, loneliness, frustration and despair—the great unpopular maladies of our times. The best of psychological treatment is made available—plus that sense of the presence and power of God without which psychology is helpless in dealing with the soul. A great little book! F.S.M.

**PATRICK HENRY AND THE FRIGATE KEEL**, by Howard Fast. (Duell, Sloane & Pearce, 253 pp., \$2.50) This is a volume of America's finest stories. Indeed I do not know of any comparable volume. This is the best. There is a mysticism and a woman's dreams, the iron faith of the pioneers, the unflinching courage of the patriot and the bugle call of freedom. D.A.P.

**A MOMENT OF TIME**, by Sydney McLean. (Putnam, 210 pp., \$2.50) An intimate, beautiful story—a story filled with the wonder of life and that waited to be told. One of my associates said as

she handed me the book: "This is a natural for CHRISTIAN HERALD," which means that "A Moment of Time" was written for you. I cannot imagine a person who ever dreamed a dream of loveliness, of courage, of simple faith, who ever knew a sorrow, or who ever rose to brave occasions, who would not be rewarded by reading this first novel. "A Moment of Time" is a story of love that lasts. D.A.P.

### MISS BARTON'S BOARDERS

(Continued from page 25)

in a jug! Still, listening to her might be fun, at that. Speaking of angels, there goes the little pet now, and all the others, off to work. I guess they do really work hard."

"Ooh, yes!" Prilly agreed. "They'll rehearse all day today and most of tomorrow morning. They begin the series tomorrow night."

She chattered on, telling me an astonishing lot of things about choral music while we made beds and dusted, and then I sent her on home. There was a little chore I wanted to attend to—alone.

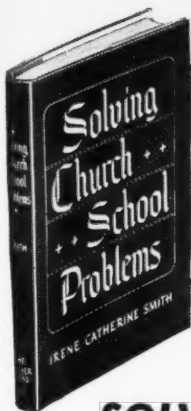
I waited until I saw Madame Rodinoff hobble out to the mail box some ten minutes before old Jay could be expected to appear, and then I stole quietly down the cellar stairs. I had a hunch, as Bill says, about that piece of paper Hannibal had snatched, and I was going to follow it...

I carried a flashlight with me. The back portion of my cellar—the only part I use—is fairly light, but the big front section is dark and dank and cold. I opened the communicating door and walked hurriedly over to the grating under the porch, wrinkling my nose as I breathed the mouldy, unused air. My flash revealed the paper I sought, resting on the lid of an old iron soap kettle, and I caught it up and turned the pale beam of light on the writing it contained. Ordinarily, I would have returned such a thing to its owner, unread, but I felt that I was justified in examining this particular paper before I did so.

It was a letter, or a portion of one, for the scrap I held was only the lower half of a tablet page. A first draft, evidently, as several words showed corrections in spelling. Charred edges and smudges made by Hannibal's wet tongue blurred the words, here and there, but I could read the whole thing easily enough... WILL SERVE AS CONFIRMATION OF MY TELEPHONED INSTRUCTIONS TO MY BUTLER, FRANK SIMMONS. KINDLY SEND THE MONEY, IN BILLS OF NO LARGER THAN TWENTY DOLLARS, BY REGISTERED MAIL. I SHALL APPRECIATE A PROMPT...

I turned the page over, but the writing on the other side was not a continuation of Madame's letter to her bank. What I saw there startled me so that any intention I had of returning the paper to Madame was jolted right out of





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my troublesome old Scotch conscience. She could wait . . . this would take some thinking over.

The telephone was jingling as I came up the cellar stairs, and I folded the letter and put it in my apron pocket before I answered the ring.

"Hello, Miss Abby," Sadie Applegarth greeted me. "How's the boardinghouse business coming along?"

"Very well, so far," I answered cautiously. "Any reactions in the village?"

"I'll say!" Sadie laughed. "Sarah Peters and Agnes Taylor won't be speakin' to you at the next Thimble Club meetin', they're so mad. Agnes grabbed off a few musicians, though. But here's what I called you for. You haven't checked on that long-distance call you put in Saturday night, and the Elizabethtown board just gave me the charge."

I laughed. "It was one of my women guests who called, if that's what you want to know. Well, what's the charge?"

She gave me the figure, and added, "Now, put it on her bill for this week, and be sure to get the cash, Miss Abby. I know how landladies get gypped, if they ain't careful."

"All right," I said, "and thanks." But before I could hang up, I heard Sadie say, "Why, sure, Dr. Longfellow, I've got Miss Abby on the wire now. Go ahead."

"Abby?" Phil Longfellow has a real doctor's voice, a little teasing, but so calm and strong. "That you?"

"Yes, Phil," I faltered, thinking I was in for a lecture about Prilly. "What's on your mind?"

"Plenty," Phil said grimly, "and it's confidential, so I'll wait, Sadie, until you turn down that lever." We heard a sharp click, and we both laughed. "Now," Phil continued, "we can talk. But this is serious, and I don't want you to answer me except by a yes or no. First, are you alone in the house?"

"Wait a minute," I told him. Looking out through the hall, I could see Madame Rodinoff standing beside Jay Smithers' battered old Ford, giving him voluble instructions. "I shan't be alone for long, Phil," I said. "But I'll be careful."

"Good. Now, Abby, don't get frightened, but I need you over here at once. Can you come?"

"Yes," I breathed wonderingly. It wasn't like Phil to take any little fancy of Prilly's so to heart.

"Abby," he said gravely, "there's an F.B.I. man here trying to get some information about that servant of Madame Rodinoff's . . . the Elsa Reiner who was killed in the wreck. Slip on over here and tell us everything you know, will you?"

"Yes," I said.

But before I left the house, I took that folded paper from my apron pocket and tucked it into my purse.

(To be continued)

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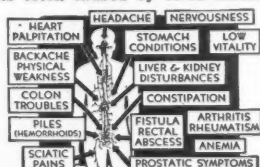


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## WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN

(Continued from page 19)

vote on a sectional basis. Supposedly, Southerners, New Englanders, and Westerners feel unanimously on certain topics, and write their representatives accordingly. This trend is rapidly vanishing. Many members today get almost as much mail from the country at large as from their own constituents. And members who serve on important committees—who sponsor or oppose important legislation—have a nation-wide mail.

There is apt to be a sharp conflict of opinion even in state mail. While occasionally Americans go all-out on one side or the other of an issue, they are usually in sharp disagreement. "Anti" letters often have the edge... it is human nature to reach for a pen when you are "mad," and accordingly people write more letters against proposals than for them. Many senators believe that people who think they are on the losing side write most!

Propaganda or pressure mail—always a nuisance—is on the decrease. Members regard it as valueless—know that people are writing, not their own sentiments or opinions, but what the higher-ups tell them to say. When John Smith is stopped on Main Street by a propagandist who says, "I wish you'd sign this and send it to your Congressman," it's easier to sign than to say no. Actually such communications are an insult to the intelligence. The senders fail to realize that thousands of practically identical letters and telegrams are instantly spotted and their contents discounted!

## THE MOUNTAIN IN THE BOY

(Continued from page 27)

holding down a swatch of tapestry; the ravelings fluttering from the edges were roads... one of them the very road we had driven along, coming out from the town to the outskirts!

Directly under us, it was no longer a fabric, but a modeled bas-relief map of the country, unbearably dear because of its tininess. A toy village spread under a Christmas tree... yet this was alive! The orange grove was a mere nose-gay now. The glinting little object shaped like an old-fashioned pen point, poised as if waiting to write a word against the page of the sky, was the church. It was Christopher who suggested the pen-point simile, and he elucidated gruffly, "My Dad says... a church does kind of write the story of a village." He looked at me with quick timidity to see if I had caught the meaning, without any ponderous explanation.

"And now the best," he cried, excitedly after a moment. "See if you can find our house."

I explored the diminutive distance, and he said, "No. Come nearer to the

With the exception of pressure mail, largely disregarded, the postman rings twice with a daily average of from 400 to 4000 letters. Incredibly, they are promptly and courteously answered—often personally dictated and signed. The varied nature of the correspondence and the sensitivity of the writers prevents time-saving by form-letter replies—although it would be impossible to handle the necessary volume unless the secretaries had basic patterns and procedures, adaptable for all but the most important matters. Naturally this takes money. Every senator and representative has an allowance (based largely on the population of his district) on which to run his office. When the avalanche of mail exceeds the capacity of his staff, he defrays additional salaries from his personal funds. In times of emergency, when the mail bags overflow, the staff calls on friends and relatives for volunteer work.

If you, too, must add to the general headache, use a typewriter, if possible, or watch your penmanship. Avoid flat-tery, the "I went to school with your father... I knew you when" approach. Be brief—and to the point. Make your letters clear, concise as to your views and what you would like to have done. Before appealing to Washington, try to secure the information you seek from your newspaper, or an agency in your own city or state. Include all the necessary facts and data on the matter under discussion. Be patient—you have no constitutional right to an answer by return mail. But above all—write your own letters... don't be a stooge for anyone else—be yourself!

mountain." So I brushed my eye like a whiskbroom over the wrinkled green and gold nearer at hand.

And there, sure enough, was "our" house... its homemade fishpool simply a wink, the vegetable garden a dime-sized dot, the flying flag a quiver of red on a pole the size of a common pin. The roof itself, from here, was no bigger than the back of a book laid down on its face, open for further reading. I suggested that simile, and Christopher agreed. "Yeah, it does. Well, you could kinda say a house is like a book, and the story keeps going along..."

We looked down on it in affectionate silence, he seeing his house and I seeing something different, as two people always do who regard what they believe is the same object (whether from the height of a mountain or a molehill!).

Then at last we started down. We knew each other much better now. We didn't have to think what we were saying. We knew each other well, for we had shared a mountain.

"I used to be sorry we didn't have any next-door neighbors."

"I see what you mean. You can't have

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a better neighbor than a mountain."

He was kicking a stone along the path before him, but he was so intent on what he was telling me that he scarcely noticed what he was doing. For mountains make wise men even of children.

"You know Christmas," he said. "Well, Christmas I'd kind of set my heart on getting a bicycle. I wanted a bicycle something awful. But you know what I got? A dictionary. Gosh."

He kicked the stone some more, and then he said, "But in the afternoon I came up here to the shelf, and I got to thinking. S'pose I had gotten the bicycle... you couldn't even see it from way up here. And I kind of made believe maybe climbing the mountain was like growing up, where you wouldn't need any bicycle... and looking back... down on yourself..." He couldn't express it very clearly, but I knew what he meant.

"Besides," he went on with cheerful loyalty to the people who had given him the dictionary, "a dictionary is something very instructive." It was the best he could say for it—a very questionable compliment from a twelve-year-old.

"And when I do grow up, I'll have the dictionary in me... and the old bicycle would be worn out..."

I wanted to say, "You'll have more than the dictionary in you, Christopher... you'll have the bicycle you never owned, and this day, and those people down in that house like the opened book. And you'll have a mountain in you, to climb and look down from whenever you need it."

But saying any of that was sublimely unnecessary, for Christopher's own life will say it in the years to come.

We were coming through the orange grove now; we were sniffing the orange blossoms and the lemon blossoms. And now we were at the gate of "our" house, and Christopher was discovering it as if he had been away for years. He was running in and calling his sister and brother, and they were flying out the door and greeting us as if we were travelers returned from a far distant land. As indeed we were, having returned from my own childhood, and from Christopher's manhood.

"Oh, we missed you!" Dorschen cried, putting her arms around us shyly. "We thought you'd never get back. How'd we look from up there?"

"You looked this big," Christopher said. "You could hardly believe a house could be so small... a big important house like ours, full of people and everything."

"You were gone two hours," Dorschen said.

Two hours. No, I suppose it had not been a long journey. And yet, as Christopher had said at luncheon, it was a long way up.

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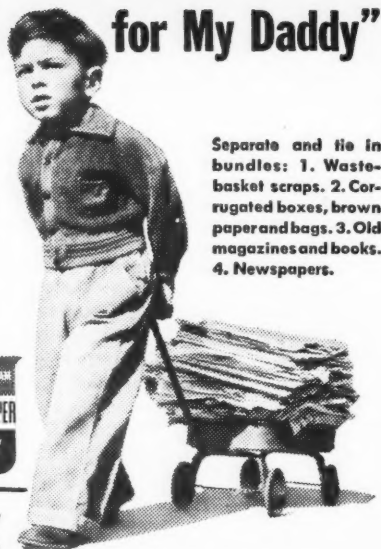
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## Wrong Name

"Does this package belong to you? The name is obliterated."

"No, that isn't my package. My name is O'Brien."

—Watchword.

## Bald Fact

"Can you give me an example of wasted energy?"

"Yes, sir, telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

## Modest

Whifflebotham—It is a strange thing, but true, that the biggest fools have the most beautiful wives.

Mrs. Whifflebotham (pleased)—Oh, what a flatterer you are, darling.

—Selected.

## Different

"Why is it you go steady with her?"

"Well—she's different from other girls."

"In what way?"

"She'll go with me."

—Lookout.

## He Was Thursday

Three slightly deaf men were motoring from London in an old noisy car, and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing the city, one asked, "Is this Wembley?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have tea."

—Exchange.

## In Streets We Cry

Little Harold—"Mother, won't you give me five cents for a poor man who is out in front crying?"

Mother—"Yes, my son, here it is; and you are a good boy to think of it. Poor man. What is he crying about?"

Little Harold—"He's crying, 'Fresh roasted peanuts. Five cents a bag.'"

—Presbyterian Standard.

## Beginners' Luck

"Doctor, I'm scared to death. This will be my first operation."

"Sure, I know just how you feel. You're my first patient."

—Voiceways.

## Solecism

"Do you know a fellow down your way with one leg named Johnson?"

"Well now, I'm not quite sure. What's the name of his other leg?"

—Pathfinder.

## Address

He was the final speaker at a banquet. Speakers before him had droned on interminably. The audience was bored almost to tears. The toastmaster announced, "Wilton Lackaye, the famous actor, will give you his address."

Lackaye rose and said, "Gentlemen, my address is the Lambs Club, New York." Then he sat down. The applause was tremendous.

—Exchange.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1945 • PAGE 60

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## Critic

Mr. Testy—Great guns! What's all that caterwauling next door?

Mrs. T.—That is Mrs. Lungsy cultivating her voice.

Mr. Testy—Cultivating? That's not cultivating. It's harrowing. —Pathfinder.

## Nerve

"I envy the man who sang the tenor solo."

"Really—I thought he had a very poor voice."

"So did I, but just think of his nerve." —Exchange.

## Reminder

"What's that piece of string tied 'round your finger for, Bill?"

"That's a knot. Forget-me-not is a flower. With flour you make bread, and with bread you have cheese. This is to remind me to buy some pickled onions." —Purple Parrot.

## Frank

"Give me a chicken salad," said a customer in the restaurant.

"Do you want the 40-cent one or the 50-cent one?" asked the waitress.

"What's the difference?"

"The 40-cent ones are made of veal and pork, the 50-cent ones are made of tuna." —Pelican.

## Laconic

In a strange village the traveler asked a Vermonter for aid in finding a man.

"Do you know Underwood?"

"Yep."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yep."

"Do you think he's at home now?"

"Nope."

"Well, where can I find him?"

"Here. I'm Underwood." —Reader's Digest.

## Essay

Gather round for this ten-year-old's essay on cats:

"Cats and people are funny animals. Cats have four paws, but only one ma. People have forefathers, but only one mother."

"Cats carry tails, and a lot of people carry tales, too."

"All cats have fur coats. Some people have fur coats, and the ones who don't, say catty things about the ones who do."

And then the teacher said, "This fur and no further." —Exchange.

## Big Mouth

Two ladies who had not seen each other for a long time, met on the street.

"Oh! Mary," Blanch excitedly exclaimed, "I've had a lot happen to me since I saw you last. I had my teeth out and an electric stove and a refrigerator put in!" —Boys' Industrial School Journal.

## Short Short Story

It was a dark alley in one of the worst parts of the town. Three men were waiting. One of them pulled a slouch hat down over his eyes and said: "D'ya see him?"

Another took a quick peek around the corner. "Yes, here he comes!" he hissed.

The man with the slouch hat picked up a short thick section of pipe. Another took a heavy wrench and the third grabbed a smaller wrench that was none the less effective in close quarters.

"All right, fellers, let's go," one whispered.

And thus, when the boss got around the corner, he found his three plumbers busily at work. —Selected.

# Something for the Brides!



## 1 You can't go wrong giving a bride

Pyrex ware. You could buy her more expensive gifts, but you can't find many that will give her as much day-to-day pleasure, plus real help with her cooking. The dish that sparkles here in her hands is the new Pyrex "Flavor Saver" pie plate. It's lovely and it's extra deep to keep juices and flavor inside the pie and out of the oven. Ten-inch size 45¢.

## 2 Extra "pie-appeal" with Pyrex ware—even for

first pies! A Pyrex pie plate, or any other Pyrex dish, is just as much at home on the table as in the oven or in the refrigerator. Each dish is really three in one—for baking, storing, and serving!



↑ PRESSED IN GLASS



## 3 Two hearts that beat as one... even over the

dishpan! Pyrex ware is so easy to wash. Food and strong flavors never stick to its slick smooth surface. It washes sparkling clean in a jiffy with less soap and hot water!

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